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THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

AS the statements of the Berlin and Vienna journals coincide as to the conditions of peace which have been agreed on, it may be assumed that these really are the terms to which Austria has consented. It is strange to hear that they are looked on as in some degree a success, and that Austria owes them mainly to the powerful intercession of the Emperor of the FRENCH. More especially Austria has had two triumphs. She has secured the integrity of the kingdom of Saxony, and she is not to pay more than three millions sterling to Prussia for the trouble Prussia has been put to in reducing her to a state of abject humiliation. Even this trifling sum has been reduced by an allowance made for giving up her rights in the Elbe Duchies. Nor is any portion of Austrian territory to be appropriated by Prussia. But otherwise Prussia has got everything that the fondest imagination could desire. Austria is turned out of Germany, and allows Prussia to do exactly what she pleases north of the Main. The bargain that has been made for Saxony has not been made for Hanover or Hesse-Cassel. Prussia is free to impose such terms on all the Northern German States as she may think proper. At first it was announced that she would claim such a portion of the territories of Cassel and Hanover as would unite the two portions of the Prussian Kingdom. But since it has become clear that no one will or can hinder Prussia from doing as she likes in North Germany, it has been discovered that to take part of Hanover and Cassel, of Darmstadt, or of Nassau, would be unkind and unfair to the inhabitants of those States. They have been accustomed to regard all within their borders as fellow-citizens. They are bound to their fellow-citizens by a thousand ties of affection and interest. Why should Prussia hurt their feelings by separating those who have been so long united? In mercy to them, and from a kind consideration of their wishes, she will forbear to take parts of their territories. She will take all, and then there will be no division, and those who have been fellow-citizens will be fellow-citizens still. Prussia has in fact taken a kind fit. Last week she seemed hard and insulting; now she is all for making everybody happy. The citizens of Frankfort complained bitterly of their lot. Twenty-five millions of florins was a monstrous imposition on one city of moderate size. The Prussians have been convinced of this at last, and have proposed a very simple way of ending the difficulty. Frankfort shall be incorporated in Prussia, and then the good people who live there will be Prussian subjects, and of course will not have to pay more than other Prussian subjects do. About four-fifths of Germany north of the Main will thus be Prussian territory, and the only districts that will not be Prussian will either be left under the nominal command of princes who have already given satisfactory proof that they will obey Prussia in everything, or will be, like Saxony, bound to Prussia by a compact which will secure Prussia against any alarm lest mischief should again threaten her from that quarter.

Thus, then, Germany is to be arranged. Prussia will have a large compact territory north of the Main, with something like thirty millions of people, homogeneous in language, culture, tastes, and mainly in religion, trained to arms, and inspired with the remembrance of the great success Prussia has won so easily. South of the Main, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden may, if they like, form a tiny Confederation of their own, and will be permitted to be as friendly with Austria as with Prussia. Lastly, Austria, with all her German territory intact, and bordering on Saxony, which she has in a manner preserved, and on Bavaria, which has so many motives for clinging to her, may be still connected with Germany, and set herself to the difficult task of carrying out the internal reforms she requires. What may

be the ultimate fate of the Southern German States is not a matter of much moment. The Prussian official journals may not be insincere when they declare that the Government of Count BISMARCK does not wish to have at present these Southern States on its hands. It prefers that they should remain apart from Prussia. They are divided from the North by so many social and religious differences that they would hinder rather than aid the free action of Prussia if they had a voice in deciding her policy. There is no reason to fear that France will either acquire any part of them or subject them to her guidance. Prussia believes herself too strong for the former to be possible, or for the latter to be probable. They may not be absorbed into a united Germany, but the presence of a great German Power at their doors will render them unwilling to incur the imputation of subserviency to a foreign Power. What, however, will be the consequences of this peace to Austria and to Prussia is a question as interesting as it is important. There can be no doubt now that Austria has been induced to make peace almost entirely by fear of her own subjects. There has been something like an open quarrel between the Government and the municipality of Hungary; and the Hungarians, to whom it is thought to be too dangerous to apply the aggravating oppression of a new conscription, have been asked, and asked in vain, to volunteer. The defeat of Austria is the triumph of Hungary, and the Hungarians feel that they have the game in their own hands without asking exiles like KLAFFKA and KOSUTH to help them. It is no longer a question whether great concessions shall be made at Vienna to Hungary. The only question is whether the Hungarians will now condescend to any compromise, or whether they will insist on the restoration of the Constitution of 1848. When the excitement of the war is over; when the army, disappointed of its last hope of retrieving its military honour, begins to melt away; when all his subjects are taxed to pay Prussia for the cost of beating him, and when he can only leave the small political squabbles of Vienna for the great political contest of Pesth, the Emperor of AUSTRIA will find himself in a position which may perhaps make him think that, after all, his brother MAX is not the most unhappy Emperor in the family.

Prussia has emerged from the war powerful, not only at home, but abroad. Her glory consists in this, that while she has, to use Mr. CORDEN's phrase, crumpled up Austria, she has shown that she is not afraid either of Russia or of France. In these preliminaries of peace we hear nothing of any concessions to France. There may be a secret arrangement, like that of Plombières, but it is exceedingly unlikely. This cannot fail to have a great effect both in and out of Germany. The arrangement which the Emperor of the FRENCH desired has been set aside, simply because the Prussian Government was not afraid of him. It would have the terms on which it had set its heart; and France, instead of joining with Austria to make Prussia yield, adopted the far simpler plan of forcing Austria to do what Prussia required. The result is, in one way, most creditable to the Emperor NAPOLEON. It shows his great good sense, and his confidence in his own position, that he has not ceased to labour for peace for fear lest it should be seen that he has suffered a diplomatic defeat. He made a mistake in accepting Venetia from Austria, but directly he found out his mistake he quietly retired from a false position. He merely held his hand, and let events go on. The Vienna papers whispered to their readers the hope that, as by the cession Venetia was French soil, the Italians would not dare to invade it, and that, if they did, they would be properly punished. The EMPEROR was not to be drawn into a position of endless embarrassment by a quibble of this sort. When he saw that the Italians were determined to act for themselves he let them have their way. And no one can doubt that the Italians were right, and have put themselves

in an infinitely better position than if they had accepted Venetia from France. They, too, have shown that they were not afraid; and if they have been defeated they have not made themselves contemptible like the Bavarians, who were always too late, and never fought with any heart, and have achieved no other result than that of making it clear that they are nobodies in Europe. The occupation of the district of the Trent is also an achievement of some importance, and the case made by the Italians for their claim to the Italian Tyrol is very much strengthened by the fact that they have possession of almost the whole of it. For the moment, Italy will be quite satisfied with Venetia; but whether she soon begins to long for Istria and Dalmatia will depend on the future history of Austria. If the Austrian Empire breaks up, there are fragments of the wreck which Prussia and Italy will respectively try hard to get hold of. If Austria shows that she can still govern and protect her various provinces, the force of circumstances will make it seem more natural every day that she should keep Istria and her share of Silesia. Few political problems have in our day approached the interest belonging to the two great problems now on the eve of solution—the character of the internal organization which will be given to North Germany, and the result of the efforts of Austria to hold herself together now that she has been reduced to the rank of a secondary Power.

THE LEAGUE, THE ROUGHS, AND THEIR ABETTORS.

THAT the general peace of London has not been disturbed during the present week, we owe neither to the firmness of the HOME SECRETARY, nor to the discretion of the Leaguers, nor to the patriotism of the authors and patrons of the late Reform Bills. No doubt, after the mischief was done, and when the dangerous classes had been instructed in their own powers of mischief, efficient though tardy preparations, following on public opinion, were made to prevent more rioting, and to resist force with force. The roughs, possessed by a wholesome terror of a charge of cavalry, and conscious of their inability to cope with rifles and artillery, have made a virtue of necessity, and prefer the humbler but profitable business of assault and robbery in detail to wholesale wrecking and plunder. The League has so far collapsed in its pretensions that it has substituted for open-air demonstrations monster meetings under the cover of what, it has been derisively pointed out, is the home of asses. Mr. BRIGHT's suggestion of giving hints to Parliament in Parliament Street has been dropped; and inarticulate howls from the Agricultural Hall in the suburbs have superseded the frantic gestures and bawling eloquence which made the finest site in Europe hideous. This is a change for the better, but no credit for it is due to those most responsible for the late scandalous outbreak. No credit is due to the Home Office, which has only illustrated the proverb of shutting the stable-door when the steed is stolen; no credit to Mr. EDMOND BEALES, M.A., and his colleagues, who are as seditious, if not so mischievous, as they were a fortnight ago; no credit to the thieves and garotters that nightly assault and rob the unwary who delude themselves with the belief that Primrose Hill and Hyde Park are safe as well as pleasant lounging-places; and least credit of all to those who by education, position, and political rank have duties to the State and to society which they seem little careful to discharge. It is, in fact, owing only to public opinion, and to the resolve, not merely felt, but universally expressed by the middle-classes to put violence down, and if necessary by force, that the public peace has not been openly endangered. The resolute determination of 1848 is not dead. If London is to be left to trust to itself and to its special constables, it is pretty evident that London intends to take care of itself. Sixteen years of tranquillity and wealth have not dulled the old spirit, and a new familiarity with combined and semi-military tactics learned in the drill-ground of the Volunteers has created a skill which the New Cut and Whitechapel will not willingly face. And if we are met with the taunt that the *épicier* mind and Paterfamilias are thoroughly frightened, we can only say we trust that it is so. It was high time to be frightened. Those who had anything to lose were brought face to face with those who had everything to gain by riot. At last it came to a plain issue between the dangerous classes and their destined victims. People were not reassured by Mr. WALPOLE's tears. "The contract entered into between 'the League and Mr. WALPOLE for preserving order'—these are Mr. BEALES' own words—was a guarantee for house and stock and furniture which was not thought to be very reliable. And the truce between the Government and the rioters was but from day to day, and one of the high contracting powers had

already given notice to terminate it. If "the brutality of the police" was to be put down, and the official guardians of the peace (only 265 of whom have been injured by the civility of "the people") were to be discouraged or withdrawn, a good many folks began to ponder whether, on the emergency, a special constable's truncheon might not be found as serviceable as a policeman's. So that, when society found that it must defend itself, it soon became known that it meant to defend itself; and with a will. Hence the restoration of tranquillity.

As to the great Reform movement and the monster meeting at Islington, it is almost uncharitable—something of an infringement of the Cruelty to Animals Act—to expose the absurdity of the whole thing. As for being a deliberate expression of the political sentiments of any class or any human being on the subject of an amended or an extended representation, it did not even pretend to be this. It showed how ridiculous for such a purpose such machinery is. If, as was the case even under the cover of a roof, a mass meeting resolves itself into a dozen talking parties, where not a single orator, even if endowed with MASON JONES' lungs or BEALES' powers of fatuous conceit, can be heard by more than a few hundred persons, it stands to reason—if there were any reason in the matter—that what is impossible in the Agricultural Hall is tenfold impossible in Hyde Park. But the Leaguers did not condescend to the small hypocrisy of saying that they met to discuss, or even to hear about, Reform. Mr. STUART MILL was explicit on this head. He openly avowed that the object of mass meetings was intimidation; the word he used was "demonstration." But it comes, as he well knows, to the same thing. "I do not want to talk to you about Reform." Discussion is not the only useful purpose of "public meetings. One of the objects of public meetings is demonstration." I would rather speak to you about "the Park." So the author of the *Treatise on Logic*, the calm philosopher, the unimpassioned critic of fallacies, the man who has given a long life and powers almost unexampled to the serious discussion of the most vast and interesting questions which relate to man's welfare and being, practically asserts that tumult, riot, and violence, abuse of the police, and denunciation of serious discussion as the mere work of hireling scribes, are legitimate modes of ascertaining and proclaiming political truth. It was not to be expected that the meeting should be wiser than its philosopher. Speaker after speaker reviled the police, slandered Sir RICHARD MAYNE, talked tall and seditious talk—or rather sent it to the *Star* newspaper, for it was all talked, if talked at all, in dumb show—hinted what the QUEEN and "the aristocracy" had to lose, abused the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, but had not a word to say about Reform; and, which is most significant, and which Earl RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE would do well to mark, not a whisper in favour of the late Reform Bill.

A single word will be sufficient as to the connection of the Leaguers with the rioters. Mr. BEALES affects to deplore the destruction of Hyde Park, and connects the present free warren established in that place, "giving license as at present to rob, plunder, and commit acts of violence" every night, with Mr. WALPOLE's withdrawal from the contract which assigned the preservation of the peace and property of all London to him. We admit that Mr. WALPOLE's tearful humility to Mr. BEALES gave the Chairman of the League too much the right to consider himself a high contracting party parleying on equal terms with HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. But if the outrage and plunder (his own words at Islington) which "have reigned supreme in the Park since last Monday week" are not due to Mr. BEALES' allies, how comes it that, even according to his own account of the matter, the gentle resources of the brickbat and bludgeon, and the tender mercies of the window-breakers, are under his control? Surely if the rioters are quiet when Mr. BEALES is entrusted with the peace of London, and are unquiet when he is released from this responsibility, there must be some understanding between him and the roughs. At any rate Mr. BRIGHT must be delighted with his apt disciples. The whole thing hangs together like the House that Jack built. This is the Rough that wrecked the Park; this is the BEALES that stops the Rough that wrecked the Park, &c.; this is the BRIGHT that patted the BEALES, &c.; this is Reform that fired the BRIGHT, &c.; and, we are constrained to complete the parallel, this is Earl RUSSELL and GLADSTONE his mate who are silent as death when Reform and BRIGHT and BEALES and Rough crack windows and skulls, and rob and mob and cheer for RUSSELL and GLADSTONE too. Sad and disheartening as are many of the recollections which will connect themselves with this miserable time, none are so melancholy

as those which we cannot disavow from the names of Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Mill. As to Mr. Bright, we are not surprised, but rather thankful, for any additional reason for adhering to our political estimate of the confessed demagogue. It is natural in Mr. Bright to speak of the late occurrences as a "noble labour." With Earl Russell it is different. He has a character. With many faults of temper, and more of judgment and tact, he has won a place in history. Though anything but a great statesman, he has on many occasions shown honesty and sincerity. Mr. Gladstone is the foremost man of his day. With unsurpassed gifts and abilities to serve his country, he either cannot trust himself in his place in Parliament to disavow the position into which he has been dragged, or he has made up his mind to take another (and it must be his last) step. As to the halting and faltering disavowal which has been extorted from him by the publication of a forged letter, it amounts to so little that it only makes his official silence more noticeable. He and the late Premier scarcely require to be reminded that the political creed of the League is not Reform, but Revolution. Not one syllable has been uttered in favour of the Reform Bill of the late Government. It has been indignantly and significantly denounced. The Leaguers will have nothing to do with the 7*l*. or any other property franchise. Their watchword, as displayed on the Islington banners, is "GLADSTONE, Reform, and Manhood Suffrage," "RUSSELL and Reform," "Manhood Suffrage and the Ballot," "GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and Reform." The terms of admission to the League are the adoption of Mr. Gladstone's famous and imprudent declaration, which he afterwards tried to explain away, announcing every man's right to the franchise. As statesmen and politicians, the two late Ministers must know that they are expected as a duty to themselves either to accept this new view of Reform, and with it the acts and arms by which Mr. Beales and his friends are recommending it, or openly to disavow it. They have had every opportunity to dissociate themselves from the Leaguers. Parliament is yet open, but the oracles are dumb. Mr. Gladstone can speak when he has a mind to speak. On Wednesday he was, as usual, fluent in debate, and by no means wanting in his usual powers of distinction and refinement in the Church-rate debate. But of the share with which, whether consciously or not, he has been openly charged in helping the late riots, he has not a word to say in the House of Commons. Lord GRANVILLE and Sir GEORGE GREY spoke, and on the whole spoke very properly, on the Hyde Park riots. But it was in their private capacity. The late leaders of the two Houses, Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, neither on Monday week nor on any other official occasion, have said what they think of the use which has been made by the League of their names and influence. The country is not likely to forget this discreditable and, as it seems, assenting silence.

ITALY.

WHATEVER may be the result of the pending negotiations in determining the frontier line between Italy and Austria, the Kingdom, although it may not precisely coincide with the boundary pointed out by race and language, will, with the exception of the small Roman territory, be complete and compact, and it will be large enough for a vigorous and comprehensive organization. The popular demand for the North-Eastern coast of the Adriatic could only have been justified by brilliant success in war; and there is no reason to suppose that the people of the coveted districts have learned to sympathize with the modern doctrine of nationality. Scarcely any European language is exactly conterminous with the dominion of the race by which it is spoken. Germany has lost Lorraine and Alsace in the West, and the Baltic coast on the side of Russia; and Norman-French is still spoken in the Channel Islands, although they have been for eight hundred years subject to the English Crown. It will be desirable for all parties that the Tyrolean frontier line should be drawn in such a course as not to tempt invasion either from the North or the South; but the real security of a country consists not in rivers, in hill-crests, or in border forts, but in the loyalty of the people and the strength of the army. If an equitable arrangement were once completed, there is no reason why Italy and Austria should continue to be enemies. The fortresses of the Quadrilateral were a menace on one side, and the undisguised reciprocal sympathies of the Venetians and the Italians of the Kingdom were a constant cause of disquietude to Austria. It would be absurd to persevere in an agitation for the recovery, or rather for the acquisition, of one or two obscure pro-

vinces, or of a few Alpine parishes. Venice had a long and glorious history; but Trent is principally known from the Council to which it gave a name, and Trieste has risen to commercial importance under Austrian rule. As there is not the smallest danger of a combination by France and Austria against Italy, the whole force of the kingdom will be always available for defence against a single invader. The Swiss have happily no desire of conquest; so that the land frontier of Italy is practically limited to the Eastern and Western passes of the Alps. Notwithstanding Admiral PERSANO's failure at Lissa, the Italians may reasonably hope to become strong enough at sea to secure their coasts against a maritime attack.

The difficulty of Rome remains, and in some respects it will perhaps be aggravated by the acquisition of Venetia. The Government could hitherto always remind the party of movement that it was extravagantly imprudent to provoke the resentment of France while Austria was encamped on the Mincio; and an enterprise which could only be achieved by military force seemed more pressing and more glorious than a political struggle with foreign diplomacy and with spiritual influence. The Venetian provinces will add largely to the strength of the monarchy, but the desire for the possession of Rome, however legitimate, is, after all, a sentiment. There can be little difference of opinion among statesmen as to the expediency of delay, of calmness, and of patience; and it is to be hoped, for the sake of Italy, that the Government may be strong enough to restrain the party of action. The insane enterprise which terminated at Aspromonte will scarcely be renewed by volunteers who have learned for the first time, on the slopes of the Alps, the difficulties and perils of actual warfare against resolute troops. As long as the French think fit to maintain the temporal power of the Holy See, no Italian Minister is likely to attempt the seizure of the national capital. It is barely possible that some future incumbent of the Vatican may prefer his countrymen to foreigners, and may consent to retain a nominal sovereignty under Italian protection. There was a time when the Popes occupied a small province in French territory, without forfeiting their claim to spiritual allegiance. Down to the French Revolution, Avignon was a Papal province; and yet no Frenchman supposed for a moment that the strength or unity of the monarchy was impaired by the constructive presence of an august dependent or vassal. The remaining dominion of the Holy See is so insignificant in extent and population that it is absurd to suppose that, except as a theatre of intrigue, Rome can be dangerous to Italy. If the College of Cardinals would imitate the tranquillity and modesty of the Senate of Hamburg, a nominal sovereignty might continue for many years to form a fragmentary or theoretical exception to Italian unity. It cannot be denied that the traditions of Papal Rome add a certain lustre to the city; and many Italians doubt whether it would be desirable to sacrifice the advantage of giving an ecclesiastical ruler and a metropolis to one half of Christendom.

The Government of Italy has plenty to do at home in the suppression of disorder, in the education of the people, and in the establishment of financial prosperity. The war, although it has been costly and but moderately glorious, will have been a good investment if it leads to the reduction of the army by one half. The insolvency of the Treasury was almost exclusively due to military expenditure, and there will at present be no reason for maintaining an overgrown army. A considerable number of troops may be advantageously employed in reducing the Neapolitan brigands; a certain number may be required for police purposes in other parts of the kingdom; and it will be proper to garrison one or two of the Venetian strongholds. But it will be wholly unnecessary for the sovereign of Lombardy to maintain the Quadrilateral fortresses on their former footing. Mantua or Verona will be a sufficient defence against possible invasion on the side of the Tyrol; and it must be assumed that the Venetians will no longer require to be governed by military force. The wealth and resources of the new provinces are great; and it was a few years ago estimated that Lombardy and Venice contributed a third part of the whole revenue of the Austrian Empire. The confiscation of the monastic estates, though it may have been imprudently precipitated, ought to give the Government the control of considerable funds; and the profits which have been lately realized in London and Paris, by holders of Italian stock, may perhaps render it possible to negotiate additional loans for immediate need. Frugality and regular administration are at present the most pressing wants of Italy. The powerful ally who has won Venetia for the Italian Crown may supply in many ways a valuable example. From the

days of the great ELECTOR, Prussia has always clung to the tradition of careful organization of the public service, and of strict economy. The army which conquered at Königsgratz cost less than a corresponding force in any other country; and experience has proved the benefit which is derived by a Government from a system which forces every man to serve, and which consequently dispenses with the maintenance of a large professional army. The Kings of PRUSSIA have been despotic and ambitious, but they have never been wasteful. The sums which have formed the ground of dispute between the Crown and the House of Deputies, although a grave constitutional question was involved, would have occupied an insignificant place in an English Budget. Italy has a more genuine Parliament than any other Continental State of the first order, and the representatives of the people may do good service in supporting the Government in all reasonable projects for diminishing the expenditure. When Italian Five per Cents. are at par, most of the difficulties of Italy will have been already overcome.

Experience alone can show whether it is possible in this generation to complete the internal unity of Italy. Before the establishment of the kingdom, and during the perils of its early existence, professional politicians always asserted that the old divisions of cities and provinces, and the diversities of language and of opinion, would render the consolidation of a single State impossible or nugatory. Local jealousies have offered comparatively little impediment to the formation of the monarchy, although the Piedmontese not unnaturally disliked the transference of the seat of Government to a city which had done little for national independence. Genoa and Milan have been content to waive traditions of independence and sovereignty which are entirely inconsistent with the magnitude of contemporary States and armies; and Venice, which eighteen years ago accepted CHARLES ALBERT as its King, is not likely to insist on obsolete pretensions to Republican isolation. The Government has had comparatively little trouble even with the Sicilians, *penitus toto divisos orbe* in habits and feelings, as well as in geographical situation. The city of Naples has acquiesced in the loss of its rank as a capital; and it is only in the Neapolitan provinces that active disaffection survives. The reduction of the mountain brigands ought to be the work of a limited time; but the grave danger of clerical hostility must be deliberately faced. The priests have necessarily great influence in country districts, and their power of mischief can only be gradually diminished by the spread of general intelligence. When the people become, as in France, loyal to the institutions of their country, the parochial clergy, who have no real interest in the maintenance of the regular orders or in the preservation of the POPE's temporal power, will gradually conform to the established system. The Government ought on all occasions to show respect to the national religion, and to the loyal portion of the priesthood; and the country will support it in vigorous resistance to the encroachments of the hierarchy. The great revolution which has now traversed its most important stages was made by the upper and middle classes, and it therefore represents the good sense and the patriotism of the country. The peasants will gradually learn to be proud of institutions which were originally offered to them by a higher intelligence than their own.

THE LIBERALS IN OPPOSITION.

THAT the Liberal party would be driven out of power during the progress of the Session was foreseen long ago, and foreseen by well-wishers to Liberalism without much regret. Lord PALMERSTON's adroit and lasting tenure of office had not been a real boon to the party which he nominally led. The majority that he secured in the last general election was due to his own personal popularity, and did not accurately represent the preponderance in the House of Commons of Liberal over Conservative views. When, therefore, Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord RUSSELL are accused of having dissipated this majority in a few short months, it should be remembered that they never possessed it for a single hour after the decease of the late PREMIER. The issues presented to the country a year ago were not purely political ones. Government by Lord PALMERSTON had come to mean quietism pure and simple, unaccompanied by any particular doctrines of State policy, though it was quietism of a moderately Liberal and inoffensive tone. But a large proportion of Liberals throughout the country are not quietists, nor can they honourably pretend to be so; and Lord RUSSELL's and Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet was not designed to

be a mere continuation of Lord PALMERSTON's régime, but the beginning of a new one. Meanwhile, upon the merits of an active Liberal programme the nation had never been consulted, and a considerable portion of it had formed no definite judgment about the matter. The Liberal members of the House in particular had enjoyed little opportunity for shaping, in concert and consultation with one another, their future course. It might be that they would follow, by the force of habit, the standard-bearer of the day; but it was also possible, as the event has proved, that part of the line would waver and hang back when they were so immediately summoned to advance, under fresh chiefs, for the sake of a cause to which they had promised no allegiance. Yet, as Englishmen scarcely knew what the articles of the Liberal creed in future were to be, it was more desirable that they should be told than that a Ministry which had been called to govern upon Palmerstonian principles should continue in office long after their ambition and their ideas had been changed. For these reasons, common honesty required that the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Cabinet should definitely hoist the colours under which they meant to fight. And, if Parliament was not prepared to accept these colours as frankly as it had accepted the colours of Lord PALMERSTON, the next thing to be wished by those who have at heart the interests of the country was that the Liberal party should retire for a time into opposition, and there consolidate their forces, and quietly and calmly mature their future policy.

The necessity for an immediate and candid manifesto involved Lord RUSSELL's Government in some difficulty, owing to the disorganized state in which Lord PALMERSTON had left his following. His surviving colleagues had not time to elaborate measures, scarcely perhaps time to take stock of the resources and idiosyncracies of the army bequeathed to their guidance. Yet, without some definite manifesto, they seemed by general consent too weak to hold their ground even for a single Session. Looking back upon the last six months by the light of what has happened, one is tempted to believe that the soundest and best course for Lord RUSSELL to have pursued would have been to hold office during the interregnum that ensued upon Lord PALMERSTON's death, and to relinquish it as soon as Parliament assembled. The spring and summer might have been profitably occupied in re-forming the party, in determining a programme, and in exercising an intelligent supervision over the foreign policy of a DERBY Cabinet. He was beguiled into opposite tactics, partly by a natural ambition, and partly by the absence of any expressed wish on the part of the public to see a Ministerial crisis. For administrative purposes the late Ministry did well enough. Several important departments were under the control of men of no great force of character; but though Sir GEORGE GREY, Lord HARTINGTON, Lord DE GREY, and Lord CLARENDON did not possess genius, they were all acquainted with the business with which they had to deal, and were by no means devoid of industry or experience. The public was satisfied with the Executive, and was reluctant perhaps to change it for one composed of officials who, whatever their qualifications, were comparatively untried. But the public is not always the best judge of the moment at which an Executive should resign. The consequence of Lord RUSSELL's attempt to hold the reins and to manage the chariot of his predecessor, without a preliminary probation upon the Opposition benches, has been the waste of a Parliamentary year. The Liberal party is now no better organized than it was on the morrow of Lord PALMERSTON's funeral. It has been, on the contrary, still further disjointed and ruptured by having had to squabble for months over what must emphatically be pronounced, both by Liberals and by Conservatives, to have been a bad and hastily drawn Reform Bill. As a natural consequence, it goes into Opposition with a poor flag flying over its head, if the late measure of Reform is to be the centre round which the scattered remnants of the garrison are expected to rally. Nobody can rally round anything so weak or so unintelligible; and the last, but not least, result of an abortive campaign has been that Mr. GLADSTONE, who might have been a tower of strength to his supporters, has possibly injured his prestige, and certainly irritated the House of Commons, for the sake of a Franchise Bill which could not stand alone, and a Redistribution Bill which no one can care for or approve. The assaults to which the Government measure was exposed may not have been uniformly as frank or as ingenuous as could be wished. Errors have been committed by the opponents, as well as by the advocates, of Reform. Unwise things may have been said in hot debate against the working-classes, as unwise things have certainly been said

upon the subject of their virtues. Whatever the character and tone of the discussion on either side, one thing is certain—that a worthless Bill has providentially met with the best fate that could befall it; and it is to be hoped that the Liberal party, whatever else they carry into opposition, will not trail with them and behind them, as a precious treasure, what is in reality a clumsy and useless piece of political lumber.

It is unfortunate that the appearance of the Liberal party in opposition should be simultaneous with turbulent popular demonstrations which are possibly the beginning of a war of bitter class-feeling. Monster meetings are never removed by anything except the thinnest legal partition from tumult and disorder, and at the close of a protracted Session, when autumn is well-nigh begun, for all legitimate political objects they are simply useless. If the House of Commons were ever so much disposed to be persuaded towards Reform by bands of music and processions in Trafalgar Square, it would be too late this year for it to give pledges of its conversion to a better frame of mind. Organized assemblies in favour of Reform are lawful enough, so long as they are meant to be an honest expression of opinion only; but the moment they are intended to overawe and to intimidate dissentients, they become unconstitutional and noxious. The motives of Mr. BEALES and the Council of the League lie too deep for scrutiny, but the leaders of the outdoor manifestations have selected for their purpose a season of the political year that is singularly unsuitable. Perhaps it is upon the cards that they may succeed by assiduous industry in arousing in various parts of the country a formidable agitation for Reform, but such an agitation would only result in further injury to the party which it would be intended to strengthen. There is, indeed, one triumph that it might achieve. It might force Lord DERNY's Ministry to produce a Reform project of their own; but though the last Conservative Reform Bill was in many respects undeserving of the fate with which it met, it is doubtful whether the present Cabinet can propose, far less carry, any measure which will operate as a final settlement of the embarrassing question. And if the Liberals were to return next February to office, in the same condition in which they left it, they would not be at all stronger than they are this day. That they should reoccupy immediately the places they have quitted is not a matter of vital importance, but it is essential that, before their reinstatement, they should clearly understand among themselves what bill of fare they mean to set before the world. Crowds in Hyde Park or in the Agricultural Hall contribute nothing to the solution of this problem. It is in the debates of the House of Commons, and not at Manchester or on Primrose Hill, that the Liberal party must be reconstituted; and even if Reform is to be the battle-cry of the coming campaign, popular movements may safely be postponed till the next general election, which in such a case cannot be far distant. There are, however, other subjects besides Reform upon which the Liberal party is by no means unanimous. Future Irish legislation is one. Legislation upon matters that affect the relations of Church and State is another. The RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Cabinet seem to have had no definite conviction about these. And the want of a clear line on both has been owing to the divergence between the moderate and the advanced section, both within and without the Ministry, and to the unsettled state of Mr. GLADSTONE's mind, which hitherto has incapacitated him for siding with either. Before Mr. GLADSTONE again leads Parliament, he ought to be sure what it is he believes, and, if it be possible, what he is going to believe for the next few years. At present he seems in the dreary and feverish condition of an Oxford undergraduate whose intellect is fermenting; and a statesman who is passing through a dozen successive phases of sentiment and faith cannot lead a party with credit to himself, or with advantage to the State. He may dovetail a Ministry together, but the Ministry so formed will never do anything great, nor be worthy of popular enthusiasm. And, whatever Mr. GLADSTONE's future creed, it is more for the public interest that a great party should remain out of office, and think clearly, than that they should wield the helm of State, not knowing exactly what they think. And nobody yet knows what Liberals do think. What does Lord HARTINGTON think, or Lord GRANVILLE, or Lord CLARENDON, or Sir GEORGE GREY, to say nothing of Mr. GLADSTONE? Who has confidence in the logic of their views, or of what cause may they be considered to be consistent representatives? They have yet to show us what they think by their conduct in opposition; and though the country has a vague impression that they are likely, on an emergency, to be found in the right lobby, what the right lobby is on any crucial question the country has not yet been able to learn from them.

Another advantage of the discipline of opposition which the Liberals are now obliged to undergo will be to afford new men occasion and opportunity to come to the front of the battle, and to win their spurs. The Liberal party needs to reconsider its system of promotion quite as much as to reconsider its policy. Lord RUSSELL in his selections may have made the best use of the materials to his hand, but we shall have cause to be disappointed if the experience of the next Session or two does not produce a list of possible Liberal Ministers far better than the last. While a Government is in power, it never can weed its catalogue of candidates for place. The task is ungrateful and disagreeable, and the claims of family connection or old services are allowed to predominate unduly over all others. A little jumbling together in opposition is a salutary remedy for a party, which will expect to be given stronger and abler chiefs the next time that it crosses the floor of the House of Commons. An autumn and winter of fiery platform oratory will be of no assistance in this respect. Nor will it heal the open breach that has been caused by the Adullamite secession. Violent partisans will feel tempted to reply that they wish to punish the Adullamites, and have no wish to make friends with them again; that revenge, and not reconciliation, is what is required. When the next general election comes, let the Adullamites who are not safely ensconced in little boroughs and other clefts in the rock be thrown by all means to the hungry crowd. "*Adullamites ad leones!*" will do as well as any other for an election cry. But, considering that a general election is not immediately at hand, and that the Cave holds the Parliamentary balance in its hands, we should have thought that prudence dictated a less boisterous policy than a policy of intimidation. Even if such a policy were likely to frighten waverers, it would still be distasteful to every man of sense. The Liberals ought to have a nobler ambition than that of merely mounting to office on the shoulders of the mob, in order to secure the loaves and fishes after which political parties always are a-hungered. The first duty of every statesman and patriot now is to prevent, if possible, the coming struggle for Reform from degenerating into a war of class against class, and to do his best that what changes are to be made in the Constitution may be made calmly and without passion.

SHIPS, GUNS, AND DOCKYARDS.

TO any one who has followed the course of discussion on naval affairs for the last ten years the monotonous dishonesty which pervades every Dockyard debate is quite shocking. Since the new Government came into office we have had much talk in the House of Commons about ships and dockyards, naval guns, and army muskets; but, with the single exception that the stolid opposition to the only rational weapon for a soldier has been at last frightened out of the heads of our military chiefs, there is not a gleam of hope to be seen in the conclusive arguments of Mr. SEELY, the super-candid admissions by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON of his predecessor's neglect, or the irrelevant excuses of Mr. BARING and Mr. CHILDERS. The very same accusations which are now made were made when the present FIRST LORD was reconstructing a navy which has since grown obsolete; and the old answer, that everything has been as bad as possible in the past and will be as good as possible in the future, has served once more to induce a zealous Reformer to withdraw resolutions which the House of Commons has not energy enough to pass.

Mr. SEELY's case against the administration of the Admiralty, though not new, was absolutely overwhelming. Last year he had brought it forward, and was met by Lord CLARENCE PAGET's assertion that it was impossible to go into questions of figures in the House, but that every conceivable facility should be afforded for the inquiries which Mr. SEELY was anxious to prosecute, and that the Admiralty would be sincerely rejoiced to avail themselves of the assistance of a practical man of business. On the strength of this assurance, Mr. SEELY was allowed sufficient access to Admiralty accounts to confirm all the charges he had brought, and to prove a good many other matters which would have been enough to destroy the credit of any other department. But his success was too great, and his investigations were stopped by the late Board, and the prohibition is continued by their Tory successors. Enough, however, has come out to show that all the remonstrances and all the promises of improvement which have filled up the debates of many years have been absolutely in vain. The Admiralty tactics are the same, whatever party is in power. If specific charges are brought against it, no attempt is made to answer them, but the complainant is soothed by admissions

which it is a disgrace to any department to make, and is then persuaded to withdraw any substantive motion on promises of future amendment which are never kept. We will take a few of Mr. SEELY's facts as an illustration of what we mean. He asserted (and he confirmed his assertions by reference to the figures published by the Admiralty itself) that it was, and still is, a common practice to spend upon the repairs of a vessel more money than would buy a new one. Cutters worth 30*l.* have been repaired at a cost of 66*l.* As much as 90*l.* was spent in repairing a gig which might have been bought new for 58*l.*, and other boats are charged, in one instance with work to the value of 58*l.*, and in another with 110*l.*, though the whole value when in perfect order was, in the one case, 21*l.*, and in the other, 42*l.* These are not isolated instances, but typical specimens, of dockyard work, and that on a very extensive scale. On going further into details, Mr. SEELY found, or at any rate considered that he found, the estimates according to the rate-book exceeded at Portsmouth by 17½ per cent., though at Chatham the work was done at 10 per cent. below the rate-book price. Mr. SEELY was answered by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON on behalf of the existing Board, and by Mr. BARING and Mr. CHILDERS as representatives of the late Board. Not one of them attempted to controvert his facts, or to deny that they were proved, even by the imperfect accounts which the Admiralty renders. All they could say was, that if matters were as Mr. SEELY said (and there is no question about the fact) it was very disgraceful to somebody or other. It is a disgrace to the administration of the navy, and one which it is clear will never be removed so long as the organization of the Admiralty remains what it is. It is perfectly clear, either that the Admiralty accounts, after all the boasted improvements of late years, are still utterly worthless, and make things appear much worse than they are, or else that the Board is wholly incapable of detecting and cashiering the most incompetent of its servants.

But this monstrous extravagance in repairs is perhaps not the most serious count of Mr. SEELY's indictment. He says (and again he is met by no contradiction) that the dockyards have been paved, not indeed with gold, but with pig-iron, of the value of 172,000*l.*, when the best paving in the world might have been laid down for less than 20,000*l.* There would be some satisfaction in hearing even an evasive contradiction of such a statement; but, on the contrary, this absurdity is confessed with audacious frankness, and the accuser is politely requested not to follow up the plea of guilty by asking for the judgment of the House of Commons; and the request, of course, is complied with, because no naval reformer can secure a majority in the House of Commons, whatever party may be in power. The case against the Board in the matter of anchors was not less damaging. Years ago it was ascertained, by the careful inquiries of a Parliamentary Committee, that the Admiralty anchor was the worst and Trotman's anchor the best that was submitted for examination. The Board was sufficiently convinced of the fact to order a Trotman's anchor for the Royal yacht, but the old style of anchor is still used in the navy, for no conceivable reason except that it can be bought from BROWN, LENOX, and Co. at prices varying from twenty to forty per cent. higher than the cost in the market of safe anchors. This again, we say, was Mr. SEELY's contention, and, according to his calculations, the navy has not only had inferior anchors, but has given to one favoured firm a bonus of more than 170,000*l.* beyond the market value of their goods. Of course all this may be said to be exaggeration, but the odd thing is that nobody does say so. The only answer given is that the navy ought to have the safest anchors in the world, and that in such an affair cost should be utterly disregarded. This may be granted, but how can it be a reason for paying an enormous extra price for anchors not thought good enough to secure the safety of HER MAJESTY'S yacht, when the very best anchors in the world may be had at a much lower rate? An answer so childish would have been scouted anywhere but in the House of Commons, and even there from any one but a Lord of the Admiralty, present or past; but it was enough to put a pressure upon Mr. SEELY to withdraw this resolution also, in the conviction that no case, however damaging and however conclusively proved, would suffice to secure a vote of condemnation against the charmed Board which ruins the British navy.

These particulars are only specimens of the whole system of administration, and no remedy is possible which does not go to the root of the whole question by remodelling the entire system of Admiralty management. Years ago,

it was said, the worthless old Board would not work. Committees were appointed and jobbed, resolutions were moved and circumvented, and the public were induced to wait and see whether the old system might not after all be got into working order, and whether the abundant promises lavished by every successive Board might not be in some degree fulfilled. Since then, Whigs have succeeded Tories, and Tories have succeeded Whigs. Everything has changed except the Board of Admiralty, which remains as stolid and incapable as ever. We believe that it has not failed to improve from any want of desire to do so on the part of its chiefs, but its utter incapacity to reform its own administration only proves the absolute necessity of an entire change in its constitution. No other department is allowed to go on from year to year pleading guilty to the grossest derelictions merely on the strength of repeated promises which have again and again been proved to be delusive. It is useless to ask for an improvement in the accounts, or a better check upon the expense of repairs, or a more rational system of buying anchors or anything else, while the Board remains. The fact is, no manufacturing business can be conducted without a competent and responsible manager at the head of it, with something like a permanent tenure of office. Mr. SEELY came near the truth when he said that the one essential thing was to throw open all the appointments to the best men, instead of making them prizes to be enjoyed for a limited time by a series of naval officers who never know their business when they begin it, and only in exceptional cases learn anything about it before the expiration of their term of office. Of course nobody pretends that an admiral may not learn how to manage a huge building and repairing establishment with intelligence and economy. It is quite possible that an admiral might exist with these special qualifications. But of all the admirals that have yet been tried none have possessed the genius for this sort of work. England possesses a considerable number of men who have proved themselves capable of such duties, and have acquired all the requisite experience; but they are absolutely excluded, to the great cost of the country, and the serious detriment of the navy, merely because the Admiralty can find no better way of rewarding deserving officers than by paying them for work which they do not know how to do, and by allowing them to squander fifty times the amount of their salaries. It would be a magnificent stroke of economical policy to retire all the incompetent officers in the dockyards at double their salaries, and to replace them by men chosen only for their ascertained fitness. But the Board will never do anything so reasonable, and the only chance of getting an efficient staff is, first, to secure a single responsible head, with a permanent chief of his staff who understands his business. In reality no one denies this, but every one feels that some sort of provision should be made for meritorious naval officers, and no one in power can suggest any better contrivance than paying them handsome salaries for wasting annual millions of public money.

Even if complaints of expense are thought grovelling and contemptible, the case as to the efficiency of the navy is just as discreditable. It is now conceded that, though we spend twice as much as any other Power, our iron-clad navy is barely equal in extent to that of France, and almost wholly without the special class of ships and guns which will rule the seas in the time to come. The dulness of the Board and the prejudices of its servants have placed England ten years behind the age in the construction of turret ships; and after all our boasted and really scientific experiments, we have scarcely a single vessel armed with the only guns which will be of any service in future naval encounters. We know it is in vain to reiterate accusations against a department which is always acquitted on a plea of guilty; but in money, in reputation, and in safety, the country is hourly damaged and imperilled by the Board of Admiralty and its officers, and, however ineffectual protests may be, it is not the less a duty to protest.

THE BANK ACT AND THE MONEY-MARKET.

THE state of the money-market, and especially the surprising margin between English and Continental rates of interest, would have been a proper subject for inquiry by a Committee or Commission if the theory of currency and credit had not been repeatedly subjected to a similar investigation. Mr. WATKIN possesses special knowledge of some branches of the subject from his long experience in the projection and management of railway enterprises. He is Chairman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, and of the South-Eastern; he is a Director of the Great Western; and he has taken a principal part in arranging the affairs of the Grand

Trunk Railway of Canada. In these various capacities he has had ample opportunities of observing the convenience of abundant money and of a low rate of interest; and in some or all of the undertakings with which he is connected he may probably have experienced considerable embarrassment during the recent pressure. Railway Companies generally exercise their borrowing powers to the full extent, and when large masses of debentures fall due at the same time, it is of the utmost importance that corresponding obligations should be issued without delay, and at a moderate rate. It was in consequence of the difficulty or impossibility of reborrowing a large amount falling due at Midsummer that the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, now on the eve of amalgamation with the South-Eastern, was forced to submit to the appointment of a receiver, by order of the Court of Chancery. Notwithstanding the enormous outlay of capital, the income of the Company is more than sufficient to pay the debenture interest; but as long as the money-market is practically closed, it is impossible to provide the principal of the debentures. It is not inconceivable that wealthier Companies might find themselves exposed to similar difficulties, if the rate of interest remained for six months more at ten per cent. Although Mr. WATKIN may probably have been induced to move for a Commission in the hope of relieving railway shareholders, he is familiar with the ordinary course of commercial transactions, and it was scarcely necessary to prove that every branch of business must be suffering from the scarcity of money.

Of one cause of financial distress Mr. WATKIN spoke with peculiar authority. Speculators had, he complained, promoted useless lines of railway for the purpose of forcing existing Companies to buy up undertakings which were intrinsically unprofitable. If Parliament could be induced to prohibit the extension of railways for a few years, it is evident that a large amount of capital would become available for other purposes; and a similar result would follow if money could be arbitrarily diverted from the cotton trade, the iron trade, or any other important department of industry. Lord REDESDALE, however, failed to induce the House of Lords to interfere with the discretion of capitalists, and it is not likely that the House of Commons will be readier to violate the plainest rules of political economy. Mr. HAWKSHAW, who was examined as a witness, told the Select Committee of the House of Lords that it would be as easy and as profitable to him to engage in Continental undertakings as to employ his skill and knowledge in England. He further explained that speculators were persons who chose to speculate, and that they would not be induced by restrictive legislation to follow prescribed channels of trade, or to live on the interest of their property. If railway contractors are excommunicated in England, they will be welcomed in many foreign countries, and their exile would involve great loss to the community, while it would only profit shareholders in existing Companies by the practical concession of a monopoly. It is a curious circumstance that almost the only unnecessary line of railway which has been sanctioned of late years was promoted in the present Session by Mr. WATKIN himself. The South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Companies jointly or severally introduced schemes requiring a capital of more than 6,000,000*l.*; and, although the other projects were defeated, they have obtained a Bill for a new line to Brighton which will cost 3,000,000*l.* The apparent object of the measure is to force the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company into an amalgamation; and if Mr. WATKIN's policy succeeds, he will have charged the united capital of the Companies with a payment of from 150,000*l.* to 200,000*l.* a year, of which only an insignificant fraction will be produced by the traffic of a barren rural district. It would be for the interest of all parties that the difficulty of raising the sum should prove insuperable; but if the money is forthcoming, a demand of three millions will affect the money-market in the manner which Mr. WATKIN seems to deprecate.

A formal inquiry into the causes of financial difficulty assumes that the evil may possibly be abated by legislation. It was perfectly right to enter on the investigation as long as there was a chance of eliciting any fresh solution of the problem. The Committees of 1837, 1847, and 1858 included many members of great ability and knowledge, and the witnesses whom they examined represented every school of economical doctrine. In 1858, Mr. WILSON and Lord OVERSTONE exhausted, in their arguments on opposite sides of the controversy, nearly every possible reason for maintaining or relaxing the Act which limits the paper issues of the Bank of England. The preponderance of authority

was favourable to the present system; but perhaps the most important result of the inquiry was the conviction that bank-notes form but a small portion of the machinery of finance, and that legislative measures exercise but a secondary influence on commercial embarrassment. Sir ROBERT PEEL's principal object was to maintain the absolute convertibility of Bank of England paper; and the provisions of his celebrated Act have proved sufficient for the purpose. It has, however, been found necessary to relax the restriction on three occasions in two-and-twenty years, although the Government has guarded against excessive issues by imposing on the Bank the condition of exacting a high rate of interest. The theory of currency has been so fully examined that any Minister who meditates a change in the law has all the necessary materials ready to his hand. The only new element in the calculation consists in the vast addition to the stock of precious metals; and it is remarkable that the cheapness of bullion appears to have had little effect on the abundance or scarcity of money. The value of gold matters far more than the supply of paper, which is at best only its image or shadow.

The debate on Tuesday was interesting and instructive; and it was satisfactory to find that the House almost unanimously approved the policy of the Government in refusing the Commission. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE proved that the Cabinet contains at least one sound economist; and Mr. FAWCETT was probably justified in his belief that the Bank Act had exercised no perceptible influence on the present crisis. Mr. GLADSTONE called attention to a principal cause of financial difficulties in the modern practice of banking. His remarks seemed to imply a disposition to impose legislative restrictions on the private trade in money, although his words only referred directly to the paper circulation. It is perfectly true that the crisis has been essentially one of banking, and that no system of currency would have prevented the evil. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointedly observed, there is a run upon England, as there is sometimes a run upon a bank. The Ministerial letter which authorized the extension of the Bank issues was thought on the Continent to represent a suspension of cash payments, and Lord CLARENDON's circular seems to have confirmed the delusion which it was intended to remove. A want of credit arising from pure misconception is not likely to be permanent, and it seems scarcely possible that the abundance of money in Paris should not overflow to London. It is, however, rash to prophesy the end of embarrassments which have hitherto baffled the most sagacious financial theorists. It is certain that the Bank and the holders of foreign capital are to a certain extent reasoning or acting in a circle, for ten per cent. produces want of confidence, which in its turn renders it necessary to demand ten per cent. The Government is perhaps not to be blamed for promising a Committee on Currency in the next Session, and it is extremely unlikely that the fulfilment of the pledge will be rendered unnecessary by the production of any Ministerial measure. It is impossible to make traders or financiers prudent by Act of Parliament, and a scheme for enlarging the paper currency would be remote from the root of the evil.

MR. BUXTON'S MOTION.

TUESDAY evening witnessed a game of cross-purposes in the House of Commons. Everybody was really driving at something different from his ostensible object, and the House collectively was wincing from the possible consequences of the speeches delivered by its individual members; while the individual members were themselves divided between two sentiments—a desire to do justice to Mr. EYRE, and a desire not to offend the prejudices of their constituencies. Mr. C. BUXTON, the mover of the resolutions, has hereditary associations no less than personal sympathies with philanthropy; but he is lacking in that downright savage temperament which distinguishes the genuine philanthropist. Of the four resolutions which he proposed, he withdrew all but one; and that one, as Mr. DISRAELI showed, carefully avoided all imputations of illegal severity against Mr. EYRE, for, by inviting the House to deplore the “excessive ‘punishments’ which had been inflicted, and the frequency of the ‘punishment of death,’” it admitted the illegality of the acts which called for punishment, and the legality of punishing them. All then that the House has done is this—it places on record its regret that certain criminal acts were punished with excessive severity. This resolution is susceptible of two interpretations. It may mean that the House is indignant at a severity which was great, yet was not illegal; or it may mean that it deplores that acts should have

been committed which made that severity necessary, or apparently necessary, at the time.

This is not much to have attained by a motion which evidently had taxed the ingenuity of the mover to some extent, for he had more than once changed the terms in which it was framed. Yet it is as much as any one familiar with the case and with the temper of the House could reasonably have expected. The blood shed in the suppression of the Jamaica riots was disproportionately great. The accompaniments of cruelty and of flippancy were revolting. It was, therefore, right for the House to record its opinion of them. The House had been informed by the QUEEN that they would be the subject of an inquiry, and had received, by the QUEEN's orders, the Report founded on that inquiry. It was a natural consequence, therefore, that the House should express some opinion on the facts which that inquiry had elicited. Such an opinion could hardly go beyond the terms of general approval or disapproval. If it went further, and, in the language of the second resolution, suggested the punishment of military and naval officers engaged in the transactions which it deplored, it would be committing an injustice and an irregularity at the same time. It would be unjust, as prejudging conduct which was already undergoing investigation by the civil and military authorities; and it would be irregular, because it would be doing what it is not the business of the House to do. It is not for the House of Commons to suggest criminal prosecutions or civil suits. If any subordinate officer, in the execution of his duty, is guilty of a criminal act, or inflicts a civil wrong, he is liable to a criminal prosecution or a civil suit in due course of law. If a superior officer, executing an important duty, exceeds his powers, and inflicts great wrong on the QUEEN's subjects, it is not for the House of Commons to suggest by implication, or to advise directly, that he be indicted at the Criminal Court, but rather to impeach him for a high crime in perverting the office with which he is invested, to the injury of the QUEEN's subjects. If the House of Commons demands the indictment of the inferior officers, it ignores the responsibility of the superior officer under whose orders they were acting. If it advises an indictment of the superior officer for giving those orders, it ignores its own right and duty to prefer against him the impeachment which it admits that he has deserved. If the House of Commons believes that Mr. EYRE wantonly misused the high powers with which martial law invested him, by murdering and torturing unoffending persons on a grand scale, then it considers him to have abused the QUEEN's authority to the prejudice of her Crown and dignity—to have done an act which is hardly inferior to treason, and which deserves impeachment. If it did hold this opinion, then it could hardly support the second of Mr. Buxton's resolutions, which restricted the projected prosecution to the inferior officers, and omitted Mr. EYRE altogether. Still less could it have supported the amendment of which Mr. MILL had given notice, which proposed to subject Mr. EYRE, along with his subordinates, to prosecution in a criminal court.

After it had done its duty in approving and adopting these expressions of pain and regret at the incidents which marked the suppression of the Jamaica riots, the House felt itself precluded from going further. It was not only the sense of incongruity attendant on the institution of a criminal process that hampered it; it was the sense of the public inconvenience and danger which would ensue from such a course. As Mr. CARDWELL put it, how could they expect to give Jamaica a good start under its new Governor if they sent him out fettered by resolutions of the House of Commons, one of which bound him to treat the whites with severity, another to give an amnesty to black criminals, and another to give a compensation to black men, criminal and innocent? It will be his first and chief duty to conciliate all classes, to unite all in hearty allegiance to the Government, and in hearty support of the law. How could he possibly do this if he were ordered to carry out a policy of professed hostility to the 14,000 white people who represent the English race in the island? In three months he would infallibly find himself at the head of a black party, and regarded with the bitterest hatred by almost every white man in the colony. From that instant his administration would only be mischievous.

This was not all. Despite its merited indignation at the revolting flippancy of certain military despatches, and despite the pooh-pooh style of Mr. Buxton's historical summary, the House could not but feel that there had been a real, deliberate, and preconcerted conspiracy against authority in Jamaica. If members had read the blue-books so carelessly as to forget this, there was the second member of the Jamaica

Commission present to remind them of it. And Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY did not neglect to do so. He reminded them that this was no sudden accidental riot for the mere purpose of rescuing a few prisoners, but a planned rising among the negroes, preceded by long preparation, in which the creation of a negro magistracy and drillings (like the Fenian drillings) had a place, and proposing as its objects the extirpation of the planters and the appropriation of their estates. He reminded them of the significant watchwords, "Colour for colour" and "No more buckra," indicating the strong power of a race-feeling; and of the orders issued by the leaders to spare the houses of the planters (and, he might have added, their wives and daughters) for themselves. When members were reminded of these things, and thought of the other little negro amenities detailed at length in the blue-books, they could not but ask themselves the question, "When such a rising occurs in a British possession where the British element is to the rest of the population as one to thirty-two, what is the Governor to do? What is to be the measure of repressive acts which he is justified in pursuing? Can any one lay it down with precision?" Mr. MILL, indeed, reprobated the appeal to martial law as utterly unjustifiable, and Mr. FORSTER would have had no martial law in Jamaica. But to us the whole history of the proceedings shows that without martial law no deterrent impression would have been made on the negro population. The soldiers might have marched to Bath, Manchioneal, and other places, without doing more than making an idle parade of useless force. The one great object of martial law would have remained unachieved, and, without achieving it, the seeds of future rebellions would have remained unexpressed, and ready to spring up at any time. Instantaneous punishment on the theatre of the outbreak was absolutely necessary to prevent the possibility of future outbreaks. But this punishment, summary and instantaneous, could only be inflicted under martial law. The large and populous district in which the outbreak occurred comprised more than 500 square miles, with a population of 40,000 inhabitants, who had shown generally a greater sympathy with the rioters than with their victims; it was without gaols, almost without police; without any appliance for the detention of prisoners. It would hardly have been possible to arrest, and wholly impossible to keep for trial, negroes accused of complicity in the outbreak. Many would have escaped arrest altogether; and of those who did not escape it, few could have been kept in secure confinement till the next assize-day. On all would have been lost the results of sharp and summary punishment. Other districts would have caught the infection of sedition; and English rule would have been shattered. That the punishment was too long and too severe is acknowledged and deplored, in the House of Commons and out of it. But the majority of the House agree with Mr. FORSTER, Mr. ADDERLEY, Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, Mr. CARDWELL, and Mr. Buxton himself, in acquitting Governor EYRE of everything except a sad and serious error of judgment. He erred partly through anxious zeal, partly through weakness. He was, as Mr. CARDWELL said, overwhelmed by the tears and the fears of those who surrounded him—by exaggerated reports and exaggerated apprehensions; but he was also beset by real and actual dangers. He had seen—for the first time since negro emancipation—a band of negro subjects of the Crown, without any pretext but that of a petty irritation, march to the Court-house of their district, armed with cutlasses, bayonets, and muskets, and not leave it till they had killed eighteen volunteers, magistrates, and vestrymen, and wounded thirty-one others; and then leave on an expedition of arson and pillage. Was it wonderful if he over-estimated the probable consequences of such a commencement, and thought no measures of repression could be too strong? Let it be remembered too, as Mr. CARDWELL reminded the House, that whatever we in England may think of Mr. EYRE's apprehensions, in the colony they were thought not sufficiently vivid and keen. He withstood offers of Spanish troops from Cuba; he withstood proposals to include Kingston and a large area of country within the scope of martial law. That he did not carry his forbearance to the point of curtailing the duration of martial law may be attributed, not only to mistaken zeal, but to an unhappy weakness—a weakness partly due to want of proper counsel. The local statute under which he proclaimed it seems to have enjoined one month's duration, and there appears to have been a notion prevalent that during that one month the military authority was supreme. Those who denounce his error had better consult some experienced colonist of Jamaica on the jealousies and feuds which have prevailed in that colony

between not only Governors, Councils, and Assemblies, but also Governors and military officers. They will find some excuse for a weakness which they now condemn, in the operation of causes of difficulty and embarrassment which were never more active than during these disturbances.

The House of Commons has taken, not only the lenient, but the just view of the subject. It does not impeach Mr. EYRE of high misdemeanours. It does not condescend to suggest a criminal prosecution. It regards his supersession as sufficient punishment for a deplorable error. It leaves to the criminal courts in Jamaica the duty of deciding whether Mr. RAMSAY and others prostituted their official position to the purposes of a murderous spite; and it leaves the Admiralty and the Horse Guards to decide whether naval and military officers abused their powers for the gratification of hatred and prejudice. Great is the pity that Mr. MILL and the Jamaica Committee do not follow so good an example. Is it that they expect to find less sense or more prejudice in a jury-box than in the House of Commons? What is the evidence upon which they hope to convict Mr. EYRE of that malice prepense which, with all deference to Mr. MILL, the law of England still continues to regard as an essential characteristic of murder? Of the unhappy negroes who suffered death under any of the courts-martial Mr. EYRE knew nothing personally, and he could have had no personal spite against them. That he was led by personal antipathy to approve the illegal execution of Gordon is an assertion recklessly made without a particle of evidence to support it. GORDON's wife and his father are both said to be now in England. Had not the counsel for the Jamaica Commission better hear what they have to say, before proceeding further in this business?

In conclusion, we would advert to one observation which the whole tenor of this debate and the history of these transactions have forced upon our minds. Everybody admits that the great panic of the white inhabitants, which influenced the conduct of Mr. EYRE, was due to the very small military force in the colony. Even after the arrival of succours from Nassau and Barbadoes, the whole number of regular troops in the field under Brigadier NELSON's orders amounted only to 453. Now Mr. EYRE had been warned, in the previous July, of an intended outbreak. Did he then ask, or had he previously asked, for an augmentation of the military force? If he did, was his demand refused? The answer to this question has the most momentous bearing on the whole case.

OCEAN TELEGRAPHS.

AFTER the success of the Atlantic Telegraph, it is impossible to doubt that in a very few years the whole earth will be enveloped in a complete network of telegraphic wires. It is astonishing even now to see upon the map how few are the links remaining to be completed in order to bring this great work to a close. Not only is all Europe satisfactorily supplied with telegraphic communication, but India has a system which would be tolerably sufficient if it were but kept in better working order. The connection between England and India is maintained in a fitful manner by several partially distinct lines, none of which, however, are at all in a satisfactory state. Russia has carried her wires as far as Irkutsk, and is engaged in extending them to the shores of the Pacific, at Nicolaefisk. From thence it will be practicable to reach Peking, a point which may be attained with still greater ease by an extension of our Indian system from Rangoon, through Singapore, to China. Australia, already furnished with a working coast line, may with almost equal facility be connected with Singapore; and when these undertakings shall have been completed, which ought not to be the work of more than a few years, the telegraphic engineer will have no more worlds to conquer. Considering how recent a thing the electric telegraph is in any shape, and how very short a time has elapsed since the difficulties of ocean telegraphy have been reduced to moderate proportions, the progress already made is the surest guarantee of still more rapid advances in the next few years. The time has come when not only the work to be done can be fairly estimated, but some sound conclusions may be drawn as to the easiest mode of bringing it to completion.

The two great tasks which fall to the lot of England are to improve the efficiency of the service between England and India, and to extend it, by way of Singapore, both to China and Australia. The Report of the Committee which recently inquired into these matters states fairly enough the existing difficulties of the Indian Telegraph, and the policy

by which they may best be surmounted. It is only over a comparatively short section that the Indian communication is dependent on a single wire. From Kurrachee to Bunder Abbas, and thence to Bushire on the Persian Gulf, the only connection is by a submarine cable, which, however, being under English management, has done its work far more efficiently than the remainder of the line. At Bushire the line forks to Teheran and Tiflis on the East, and to Bagdad and Diarbekr on the West. The former of these lines connects itself with the European system through Russia, the latter through Turkey, and both have been used to a considerable extent as alternative and competing routes. A third line branches off at Diarbekr, and passes through Syria to Alexandria, where it connects with the Malta and Alexandria line, and so completes the communication with England without using the lines through European Turkey. With so many alternative routes it might have been expected that something like an efficient service would have been maintained. Perhaps it is not altogether surprising that the expectation should not have been fully realized. To get to Constantinople, a message may have to be manipulated by French, Belgian, and Dutch administrators; by Prussian, Austrian, and divers other German officials; and, worst of all, by Italian, Servian, and Wallachian agents. A terrible possibility of errors and delays is thus opened out, but all this might be put into order if it were not for the insuperable obstacles presented by the Turkish route. The convention on the subject between the Porte and England was stringent enough, but, like most other Ottoman arrangements, it won't work. One English inspector writes that messages from Kurrachee to Fao, at the head of the Persian Gulf, where the superintendence of English officers ceases, travel with reasonable expedition; but it is all useless, because the next stage is worked by the Turks themselves. "The Bagdad men report 'seventy or eighty messages on hand, send twelve or fifteen, and then smoke hookahs, or say their prayers for two or three hours, during which time Fao hears nothing of them.'" Another officer reports that the Turkish failure is becoming chronic, and that no good will be done until the management is placed in English hands. The result is that the average communications with India occupy more than a week, while in some instances the Peninsular and Oriental steamers carry letters faster than the telegrams which preceded them have travelled by electricity. It is a wonderful proof of the extreme importance of the telegraph that, in spite of all this mismanagement in the Turkish section, and of scarcely less in the local Indian lines, almost all the business with India is even now conducted by telegraph, and that at an enormous expense. It is possible that some of the competing lines may eventually supply or correct the defects of the Bagdad section, but at present the efficiency of the Russian system is neutralized by the sluggishness and incapacity of the Persian officials who have to complete the transmission to Bushire; while the Malta and Alexandria cable is of little service, because it is severed from the main line by the short and purely Turkish wire to Diarbekr, which to the ordinary defects of management adds defects of construction peculiar to itself. The Committee have emphatically declared their opinion that the Indian traffic ought not to be dependent on a single line, and that the competition of a new line is the most hopeful mode of putting a little life and intelligence in the place of Turkish and Persian apathy.

Two projects have been suggested, both of which are referred to by the Committee with approval. One of these is to lay a second submarine cable, or a duplicate land line from Kurrachee to Bunder Abbas, and thence to Ispahan, so as to improve the connections with the Russian line, and avoid all the annoyance which Turkish incapacity has caused. This would be very valuable if the new Persian lines were placed under English control (as indeed is proposed); but without that privilege the exchange from Turkey to Persia might prove of doubtful advantage. The other plan is to carry a line from the terminus of the Malta and Alexandria system at Suez, along Egypt, to a point in the Red Sea whence the communication would be by a new submarine cable to Aden and Kurrachee. This would entirely dispense with the assistance of Turkey and Persia, and the Egyptian Government is liberal enough to give the utmost facilities for European management. Objections on the score of cost may be raised, although those founded on the supposed risks to submarine cables may perhaps now be considered as set at rest. If it were necessary to choose between the two projects it might be difficult to select, but there is no reason whatever why the doubling of the Persian line, and the construction of the Egyptian and Red Sea alter-

native line, should not go on side by side. There is work enough for both to do at remunerative prices, and the sooner it is commenced the better for every one concerned with Indian business. The Committee equally urge the importance of continuing the Indian lines from their present extreme point in the neighbourhood of Rangoon along the Malay peninsula to Singapore, and thence to China on the one hand and Australia on the other. This enterprise is known to be peculiarly free from engineering difficulty. The whole distance to the various ports of China may be completed without a single stretch of deep sea line; and though the Atlantic has been conquered, no telegraphic engineer is blind to the economy of a cable which can be repaired at any point with little trouble or expense. The branch from Singapore to Australia is not quite so favourably circumstanced. The passage through the Straits would require a cable of unusual strength to meet the risk of injury from anchors; but our experience of the English Channel enables us to ascertain precisely the requisite conditions, and the cost of applying them. One link is already supplied by the land telegraph through Java, and a few hundred miles of sea of unknown depth between Timor and Port Essington in Australia completes the difficulties which will have to be surmounted. All the rest of the work will be easier than the construction of any ocean telegraph at present in existence; and if the Atlantic Ocean is so mapped out as to test the mettle of our engineers with the most formidable dangers, the configuration of the seas through which the track to Australia and China lies is almost the best that could be desired for telegraphic enterprise. Strangely enough, the more difficult and brilliant enterprise has been first successfully assailed; but it cannot be long before the easier, though scarcely less useful, undertaking will be brought to an equally happy conclusion. Australia has shown an amount of zeal in the matter which has not yet been fairly responded to by England; but, if we are not mistaken, a new era has opened for telegraphic extension since the depressing failures of the American expeditions have been atoned for by a success which has fulfilled the most sanguine hopes.

HUMAN VEGETABLES.

IF at the close of every generation one were to take stock, so to speak, of all the progress that had been made during its existence, it would be curious probably to see how many human beings with respectable mental and moral qualities had not got a single step beyond their fathers. In large cities, or in places where thoughts are easily interchanged, the race to which we belong moves quickly. The sea was in old times the great instrument of civilization, not so much because of its effect on the imagination, as because it was the highway by means of which nations had intercourse with one another, and seaports were wayside inns where the world rested on its travels. Roads and railways, as time went on, produced a similar effect to that of the sea, and civil engineers may be identified with the sons of Hephestus, of whom the poet spoke, whose mission was to be the pioneers of civilization. All localizing influences, upon the other hand, whether of a material or a mental character, have had, and still have, a tendency to make men stationary in mind as well as in body. The human vegetable is therefore a very common thing. It is impossible to live long without having the question forced upon us, partly by our vanity and partly by our common sense, what can be the use and object of the existence of a number of very excellent people across whose path we are thrown. They are happy and contented, they do their duty with more or less regularity in that state of life to which they are called, they marry and have children, and they die exactly as their parents died, lamented by their families, and respected, if we are to believe their epitaphs, by all their friends and their acquaintances. But it is difficult to discern immediately the final cause of such people's lives. Philosophers no doubt would be ready to remind us how unscientific it is to examine the world from the point of view of final causes. There are a million of things in nature which do not appear to have, and possibly have not, any other object except that of fulfilling the law of their own growth. Their form and their final cause are one. Insects, as we know, even if they are worthless or troublesome, are of use to eat up other insects. But multitudes of flowers and weeds shoot up in the morning and are dead before the afternoon, having bloomed for a brief hour or two for no apparent end, except to develop a delicate organization and to waste their sweetness and colouring upon the winds. Many human vegetables may be thought to be quite as purposeless, except indeed so far as religion informs us that they all have souls. Any one who lives in rural districts must have seen them in large quantities. Those who go down into country towns or country villages, by train or coach, gain the same sort of rich experience that the Palmist tells us is acquired by those who go down to the sea in ships. They see, if we may say so without irreverence, the wonders of Providence; for they see in bountiful

luxuriance, and in all its pride, that astonishing phenomenon the human vegetable, and nothing is more calculated to impress us with the wealth, and almost the wastefulness, of nature than the spectacle of wide tracts stretching away into space which are entirely occupied by human vegetables. Like the tall trees over the tomb of Laodamia which withered the moment they attained a certain height, human vegetables present a constant interchange of growth and blight. They do grow, but they only grow to a certain hopeless level of mediocrity, and there they stop. The parish doctor begets a parish doctor. The parson produces a crop of possible future parsons. Waywardens bequeath their noble ambitions to waywardens that will be. And the village attorney who manages the estates of one generation trains up in the way he should go the village attorney of the next.

If we were to ask ourselves whether such vegetable lives are worth having at all, most of us would perhaps be vain enough to answer that they are not. Religious persons occasionally inform us that life in itself is a benefit, and that the fact is shown to be so by the reluctance which the most miserable display when they are called upon to leave it. And it may possibly be true, though the point is not free from doubt, that though life for the less fortunate is a burden as well as a benefit, the balance of good in general preponderates over the balance of evil. But this admission, which proceeds on an assumption rather pious than philosophical, does not carry the matter very far. The sum of a dog's physical enjoyment of existence may be taken to be greater than the sum of his many discomforts, yet it does not follow that it is worth while to be a dog. Measured by the standard of educated men and women, no life which falls below a certain level could be deemed a gain merely because there was more sensible pleasure in it than physical pain. To be valuable in their eyes, it should be, at least to some extent, a life either sufficiently intelligent, or sufficiently productive of advantage to the remainder of mankind. Putting aside theological considerations, it certainly would seem preferable never to be born than to be born a Dorsetshire labourer, who has neither the mental capacity nor the opportunity to better his condition or to change the scene of his monotonous experiences. When we have confessed as much, we have implicitly confessed that the whole question is one of degree, and it does not require to have an elevated ideal to be convinced that the lot of human vegetables is only slightly superior to the lot of the English labourer upon whom we all agree to look down with pity. There is no doubt that many human beings of the vegetable kind lead honest and moral lives, and are kind and charitable in their daily intercourse with others. This is something, but not very much, for they pass away without leaving a permanent mark upon the world, or contributing materially to its progress; otherwise they would not come under the definition of vegetables. The cynical will concede that such creatures have their dreary little virtues, as they have their dreary faults or vices; but although it is better for society that vegetables, where they do exist, should be wholesome, and not poisonous ones, their freedom from positively hurtful qualities appears to be a blessing to the world of a negative kind. When they are dead, it is at the best just as if they never had existed. This disparaging estimate of them is a singular contrast to the interest taken in the species by great literary artists. Literature is never tired of painting under all its different aspects the human vegetable; and the passages that affect us most, and seem to have most genius and force in them, are frequently passages bearing on the temper, habits, and passions of this despised order of beings. Though vegetables pass away and leave no memorial behind them, many a portrait of a vegetable will be as imperishable as the world itself. One of the reasons of this unquestionably is that humorous or sentimental genius never shows to better advantage than when it is at work upon the simplest and most commonplace materials. The greatest literary statues are formed by fashioning the rudest clay. In this way it is that the intrinsic merit of a work of fiction or of sentiment may, as a common rule, be fairly tested by its popularity. To be popular, an author must deal with the phenomena, and often the roughest and least complex phenomena, of our common human nature; and, under the moulding of a powerful mind, effects may be produced from such subject-matter which are more universally striking than the delineation of phenomena of a higher grade, as well as more universally true. Though intellect and education change men prodigiously, and though it is the coating which these externals add to life that constitutes life's charm and value, what they give us is only an outer garment that covers, without destroying, the nature which we share in common with the less polished of our kind. Strip the philosopher of his feathers, and the savage or the Dorset labourer will reappear. Accordingly, the passions and foibles that are most fitted to excite a world-wide interest are the passions and foibles which all the world knows; while "touches of human nature" is the name we give to the incidents or allusions in any author's writings which appeal directly to our natural, and not our artificial, sympathies, and which remind us of the vast amount of common pain and pleasure of which the world is full. Life in a village, then, though dull and wearying to mix with, is the least dull and the least wearying to read of, if it is described by a writer of humour and imagination. The truth is that in real life we cannot keep our sympathies actively upon the stretch, and it is only when we take up a novel or a poem that we are predisposed to be sentimental and sympathetic without stint. When George Eliot begins to construct a story about human vegetables, every-

body listens with rapt attention, though a few hours spent in earnest in their company would disenchant the most enthusiastic, and would recall to their minds their old difficulty how to account for the use and object of existences so intolerably monotonous.

A little reflection upon the manner in which all progress is effected in the world would tend to render us more patient and tolerant of human vegetables. Civilization does not advance by great leaps from worse to better. The amelioration is very slow, and sometimes almost insensible, and it is usually brought about by improvements that take place in single classes, or indeed in individuals. A new discovery occurs to a student or an ingenious adventurer, and the benefit of it, reaped in the first instance by the circle to which he belongs, filters slowly through all grades and conditions of society. Or some noble idea is produced in the mind of an imaginative or philanthropic thinker, and he preaches about it or writes about it till his limited audience catch the fever and become as enthusiastic missionaries as himself. First a little section of the world moves from shadow into light, and then another, but it requires years or centuries to illuminate the whole surface of a town or a county or a nation. But the process of peopling the world goes on faster and more continuously than the process of striking out new and humanizing conceptions. Many more men and women are born in a year than are lifted during the same period into an atmosphere of superior intelligence and refinement. What is to be done with the numerical balance that is left after deducting the percentage that are destined to come under the influence of education? It is evidently their lot to lag behind, and their term of life will probably expire before they have made any substantial advance in an upward direction. But that their condition of stagnation shall not, at any rate, become a condition of decay, is by no means unimportant to the ultimate success of humanity. Stationary though they are, they marry and have children, and increase the population of their country, though they contribute nothing to its ideas. The first thing to be desired for the masses of one's fellow-creatures who come under this category is that they should not retrograde. Every step of vantage ground lost by them really drags back the next generation, adjourns to a still more distant period the leavening of the class to which they belong, and puts off still further the final triumphs of mankind. If they lived and died in single blessedness their fate would not much matter to anybody except themselves; but as they go on, in conformity with the patriarchal blessing, to increase and multiply, their moral declension would be a serious misfortune to the community. It is a happy compromise if they can be guaranteed against the danger of becoming worse than their forefathers, even at the price of never becoming any better. While others are moving forwards, they will thus, at all events, be holding on to the position that has already been attained, and not slipping backwards. It is in this manner that human vegetables, even if they seem at the first glance to be poor creatures, and scarcely worth, under a moral or intellectual aspect, the expense of their tombstones, in reality are a species for which one has cause to be thankful. In spite of the irony of Iago, the suckling of fools and the chronicling of small beer is an occupation of some moment, for it is an occupation extremely common. The fools who are suckled so carefully may not be predestined to become philosophers, but, as they will have grandchildren or great grandchildren of their own, it is desirable that they should not be worse fools than the fathers who beget or the mothers who rear them.

It can scarcely perhaps be said to be a cheerful thought, that it is only by speculating on what humanity at some future date may be that one can reconcile oneself heartily to the spectacle of what humanity is now. Even if we discount in idea the promise of fifty or a hundred years hence, it appears only a slight gain to be able to feel assured that the human vegetables of the next century will be a little less of vegetables than those of our own time. There is, however, every reason to believe that the rate at which intelligence is diffused throughout the world is becoming more and more rapid, and that every fresh development of the power of man over nature accelerates this rate. It is true that our faculties are limited, but it is only true in a certain sense. Quite enough stress is usually laid upon their finite character as opposed to the infinity of nature. For practical purposes it may be reasonably considered whether an infinite field does not lie within the ultimate reach of human energy and thought, and whether, as compared with our present imperfect knowledge, the knowledge that future generations may acquire may not almost be called illimitable. "Hic mundus est infinitus," says the old hymn which Sir William Hamilton was so fond of quoting. One natural inference which may be drawn from such a truth seems to be that an infinity of natural phenomena still remains to be discovered, while the view that the human intellect never can discover them rests upon nothing but a despondent and an unconfirmed opinion of human weakness. Strange as it appears, there may be a time when there will be no human vegetables. If we could only be sure that the race to which we belong would last, and not wear out, no one can say how great a command over the universe man might not in time possess. It is at least just conceivable that mankind may some day arrive at a degree both of intelligence and of happiness which will compensate for all the stagnation of previous generations.

SMALL HYPOCRISIES.

THE hollowness of a great deal of our social intercourse is a commonplace which makes ardent young men very angry and eloquent and amusing, and crude-minded older men very sour and shrewish and disagreeable. The one declaim and the other sneer because people who ask you to dinner, and are very happy to have you at their dancing-parties, decline to lend you money or to let you marry their daughters. The conduct of society is constantly being brought back to the first principles, not of society, but of a state of nature. The inconsistency is plain. The grumblers like balls and rural fêtes, but they demand a community of goods, and think they have a right to the hand of any woman they may covet, such as could only exist in the nomadic, or even the fishing and hunting, stage of the race's progress. They do not see that if asking a man to dinner implies an invitation to him to help himself to as much money as he requires, or to take whichever of the daughters of the house is most to his fancy, then, as soon as this is discovered, the man will not be asked to dinner—that is all. If we are to revert to the Bedouin and Oriental principle, that it is intolerably inhospitable to refuse a guest any favour that he may ask, we shall all grow very careful not to entertain any but married men with more money than they know what to do with. The cramping effects which such a revolution would produce upon hospitality may be very readily imagined. As it is, those who insist that every friend is an impostor who does not wear his heart and his purse, and his daughter's heart and purse, upon his sleeve are themselves the worst impostors of all. They pretend to like a man for the pleasure which his society and that of his friends can give, while all the time they are only thinking, not how they can repay him for this, but how many more material advantages they can extract from his good feeling or his weakness. It seems very pointed and damning to say that the lady who has shaken hands with him in her drawing-room with so much cordiality and enthusiasm would be just as cheerful if she heard the next day that he had become bankrupt. Why should she not be? Surely one may be pleased to see an agreeable man, without binding our heart-strings round him, or staking our peace of mind upon his solvency. Anybody can get a cheap reputation as a philosopher by taking up the line that such a doctrine as this is the glorification of selfishness. The insincerity of the world is one of those fine windy themes which are capable of a very exalted and pleasing treatment. They make a weak man or a weak woman feel ever so much better and holier. Not that such edification has the smallest effect upon their conduct. They would rather esteem it an irreverence to bring the windy high-falutin' principles down from their sacred places into common use. It is a vast comfort to know that they look with proper contempt upon the hypocrisies of society; that is, of their next door neighbour. The comfort, one supposes, is much the same as that which warms the bosom of the pagan as he thrucks the little wooden god that he adores. The hugest blows that can be heaped upon the back of an abstraction like society do no harm to the abstraction, and they relieve the feelings of the man who raises his right arm to the task to a delightful extent. It is much more profitable to observe the prevalence and the consequences of the small hypocrisies of the individual than to bewail the vague hypocrisy of society as a whole. There may be a great deal of use in reflecting on the harm which a man may do himself by the practice of petty deceits upon his neighbours. There cannot much good come of believing that all mankind are in a friendly conspiracy to cheat one another; but the plot of a man to pass himself off for something which he is not, and which he has excellent reasons for knowing himself not to be, is a piece of conduct that may be looked at soberly and practically. We can see what this means. But when people say that society is selfish and insincere, we scarcely have a much more accurate idea of what they specifically mean than if they said that a locomotive was selfish.

A whole parcel of small social hypocrisies is commonly labelled with the simple name of affectation. The laudable kinds of insincerity may be mostly summed up in the significantly un-English name of complaisance. In ordinary speech, complaisance, even in its worst sense, seldom means more than an unselfish hypocrisy. It is the attempt to be sympathetic with other people, not for any sinister aim in the background, but merely because the man likes to feel things going smoothly, and with as little grittiness as possible. Obviously this (on the whole) useful and creditable habit may become ignoble. The man who is universally complaisant, and has lost the faculty of saying other than smooth words, very soon finds that the world has taken the measure of his weakness, although perhaps he may deliberately prefer that people should think little of him than that they should put him to the trouble of arguing and disagreeing and quarrelling with them. The very backbone of affectation, on the other hand, is an aggressive egotism. Nobody is affected who does not want to attract admiration to himself, or, if not admiration, at least that amount of attention which may be equally flattering and equally pleasant to a vain man. Whether he professes virtues or vices which he has not got, his aim is equally to make the beholder or the listener think about him. He will submit to anything except being thought like other people, or, worse still, not being thought of at all. Not content that the qualities which he has are enough to win for him this consideration, he puts on the air of all sorts of other qualities which he has not got, and which very often nobody

would value him for if he really had them. Dunning, the lawyer, used to spend hours before the mirror posing and practising airs which might persuade the crowd of impatient attorneys waiting for him that his ugly face and figure were very handsome and graceful. Nobody cared a straw whether he was handsome or ugly. There is no limit to the absurdity of the guises which vanity will make a man ready to put on. Oddly enough, foibles and faults and weaknesses are the favourite devices of affected persons. They will pretend to be in bad health, when in truth they are perfectly well. They will adopt a silly lisp, or they will mouth their words, when it would be much more convenient to them to speak like anybody else. They resort to tricks of gait and tricks of gesture, when everybody would be much better pleased, and would think far more kindly of them, if they walked and comported themselves without tricks, and even though the tricks are a downright trouble to them. The worst of all is that the men and women who are most guilty of these follies are constantly found to be just those who might most safely trust to their real character for esteem and admiration. The affectation of clever people has become a proverb. A great poet or a great lawyer may be found to divide the palm of affectation with the emptiest little miss in the room. The pleasure which really able persons derive from passing themselves off as great fools must be one of the most curious in the whole repertory of human joys. That a wise man should now and again deliberately play the part of a fool is not unreasonable. For instance, for convicting a pragmatical blockhead, and showing the bystanders how great a blockhead he is, there is nothing more effective than the Socratic method of feigning ignorance and a desire to be persuaded. But this may soon be carried too far, and in any case is easily distinguishable from the assumption of imbecility for the purpose of making people talk and wonder about you. It sometimes happens that what plain folk mistake for an absurd and offensive affectation is the genuine air and manner of *distinction*. Clowns look on the simplest points of good breeding as despicable fopperies. And those who are not clowns are often too intolerant of what look like insincere mannerisms, but which may be really the natural outcome of a strongly marked individuality. Provided it be not simply rude and ill-timed and selfish and arrogant, such distinction gives a fresh and vivid tone to the otherwise monotonous and too tame level of ordinary intercourse. But for one case where it is spontaneous and natural, in twenty cases it is the artificial product of a restless self-consciousness. Half of all the small hypocrisies of all kinds are the fruit of the same morbid distrust of ourselves. The man who is always wondering about himself, what sort of qualities he has, what is thought of him, is sure to feel the necessity of posing, and clothing himself in purple patches which may catch the eye of the beholder. Even a plain woman, if she feels that somebody is looking at her, is apt to turn a little theatrical. It is the same with more impressive forms of self-consciousness. Nobody with his mind fixed wholly and habitually upon himself and upon the view which others will take of him can help playing a part. Self-consciousness instantly makes a man feel that he is in front of the footlights, with paint on his face, and clad in a costume which is not that of his everyday life.

It would be a palpable overstraining of the truth to say that hypocrisy, the foible, is as bad as hypocrisy, the vice. Affectation, for example, is not as bad as cant, because cant is affectation in matters in which sincerity and truth are everything. To pretend to agree and to sympathise with people somewhat more than is really the case, just for the sake of general peace and quietness, is not so bad as a gross assentation for the sake of substantial personal gain. A certain willingness to hear opinions patiently and silently, in spite of a strong itch to controvert them, is absolutely necessary to keep the world from being a sheer bear-garden. If this reticence is mistaken for assent and sympathy, the silent person is not wholly responsible for the blunder. And it is impossible to draw an exact line beyond which this implied complaisance acquires a colour of baseness. A great deal depends on the subject, and everything depends on the time and the place and the person. Some poor creatures are born for assentation. Disinterested flattery is the attitude which they naturally assume towards nearly everybody with whom they are brought into contact. Of the hypocrisies of these miserable souls nothing need be said, except that one may pretty safely conclude that a cringer of this stamp has always got some one or two unlucky and still smaller persons in the background whom a mysterious Providence has placed in his hands to endure bullying and tyranny from him.

To see the real smallness of insincerity in trifles, of insincere manners, of insincere complaisance, and all the other forms of social hypocrisy, one has only to put by the side of people who yield to such weaknesses those others whom a natural simplicity, straightforwardness, and at the same time sweetness of character, keep from swerving. They need no precepts about preserving the *volto sciolto* along with the *pensieri stretti*—the ingenuous front with the reserved mind. An apparently inborn straightness of judgment seems to conduct them to the nicest, though an involuntary, knowledge of the point whence things unworthy have their beginning. They do not make enemies or disturb society. Yet they neither feign to be what they are not, nor dissemble what they are. Small hypocrisies never occur to them as available means to any end whatever. The cleverness of the most skilful social diplomat has a wonderfully gas-light tawdry look when confronted with this vigorous native simplicity, which is independent without being impudent or boorish, and fascinating without unworthy

complaisance. All forms of affectation and pretence show a misconception of the relative size of things that are worth having. As if self-respect, and the invigorating consciousness of sincerity and singleness of mind, were cheaply sacrificed for the sake of being thought something that one is not by the world! that is, by a number of people who do not much care whether one is that or anything else.

RADICALISM IN KID GLOVES.

THE theory, fathered by the scandal-loving Saxon upon down-trodden Ireland, that "one man is as good as another and better too," may not perhaps be strictly logical, but still it very happily hits off the creed of a large class of republicans. They are eloquent in their advocacy of the rights of man as man, and fierce in their invectives against the abuses of a privileged order; but really their republicanism amounts to this, that they consider themselves quite as good as the class above them, and decidedly better than the class below them. They are obviously not peculiar to any age or condition of society, since the practical paradox they embody is due less to external circumstances than to inherent bent of character. That passion for power which rarely fails to accompany great force of will, and which is always ready to practise upon others the tyranny that it will not tolerate itself, is in its essence wholly independent of all distinctions of class, and the irritable pride which it engenders naturally finds in snubbing the sweetest solace for being snubbed. Captain Absolute boils over with virtuous indignation at the unwarrantable despotism of Sir Anthony, and straightway proceeds to show his hatred of tyranny by bullying Fag. Fag in his turn resents this outrage upon his republicanism and his rights as a free-born citizen by vigorously cuffing the page. Men of this stamp are Radicals only because they are not lords. Their radicalism is the accident of their social position; essentially it is the love of power in disguise, and upon no one does the disguise impose more thoroughly than upon the wearer, who honestly believes that he is an out-and-out leveller because he is so eager to level upwards.

But, although this spirit is not confined to any time or rank, it naturally finds fullest scope in such an age as the present. The spread of wealth, and the extension of commercial pursuits to those who not so many years back would have thought it beneath their dignity to follow anything but "a profession," have produced such a fusion and general jumble of classes that the most learned of ancient heralds that ever "marshalled knight and maid to seat in festive hall" would go mad if he were nowadays called upon to determine the exact place due to many members of the so-called middle-class. The curious uses of the word "gentleman," and the hopelessness of all attempts satisfactorily to define it, would be not the least of the learned herald's difficulties. When Fox said that no one but a gentleman could lead the House of Commons, he clearly meant a patrician; and this use of the term perhaps just marked the stage at which the control of public opinion was gradually passing from the aristocracy to men who, though in no way patrician, would have been highly indignant at being refused the title of gentleman. In France, where there was no such gradual stage, *gentilhomme* still means nobleman. The confusion of social grades naturally carries the pseudo-radicalism we are discussing into all corners of the community. In the absence of distinctions so clearly marked as to command general recognition, every man has to be his own herald, and, as a natural consequence, most men take higher places than their neighbours would assign them. It is not in human nature to submit without a struggle to the recognition of a superiority which is at once artificial and vague; and every man, no matter how inferior his position, can easily find some ground for equality with those who affect to look down upon him, just as the ugliest woman can find some ground for confidence in her charms. But it is perhaps in what, for want of a proper term, we must call the upper-middle-class that pseudo-radicalism is most largely found. Our old Universities, venerable strongholds as they claim to be of Conservative traditions, annually turn out a most flourishing crop of it. Their intellectual training, in the first instance, gives a clever student a turn for genuine philosophical radicalism, while their social influence is precisely of the kind to give a mind that has caught this turn a strong inclination to level upwards, but a no less strong aversion to levelling downwards. It may be true that thinkers are in the long run pretty equally divided into Benthamites and Coleridgians; but we fancy that by far the greater number begin by being Benthamites. It requires some experience and knowledge of the world to realize the frequent necessity of tolerating one evil in order to stave off a greater; but a very young head may possess enough logic and clear-sightedness to dispose triumphantly of any existing abuse. A young logician is about as likely to acquiesce in the existence of what he holds to be an anomaly as a terrier in the existence of a cat. It is his natural enemy, and he flies at it with a grand faith in the power of strict syllogism to set all the world to rights, never thinking that even a natural enemy may occasionally be an ally against worse foes, any more than the terrier reflects upon the cat's use in keeping down the rats. And the anomalies upon which radicalism fastens are exactly those which require for their proper comprehension an appeal, not to logic, but to experience. On purely abstract principles, it is as easy to establish the five points of the Charter as to work out a rule-of-three sum. What more glaring anomaly, what more shameless invasion of the rights of man, than that a boy, possibly without virtue or brains, should be allowed to legis-

late over a great and free country—should even be forced, by the influence of connections, upon a so-called popular assembly, for which his sole qualification is his skill in silencing the speeches of statesmen by ingenious imitations of a donkey or a cock? The young logician, in his burning zeal to sweep such anomalies as this from the face of the earth, never pauses to reflect that even a House of Lords may be preferable to the democracy which it keeps at bay. But, side by side with this tendency of the merely intellectual portion of academical culture, there are social influences at work which naturally have most to do with the early growth of a political creed; and when these influences find a mind with the Benthamite twist, the result is a very comical but not uncommon species of pseudo-radicalism, which may be described as radicalism in kid gloves. The logical indignation of the youthful Radical against the House of Lords is reinforced and brought home by the *amour-propre* of the "University man." He is proudly conscious of being, let us suppose, a member of the first college of the first University of the first country of the world. His fathers have been gentlemen for generations. He is receiving the highest education, and wearing the neatest boots and gloves, that nineteenth-century civilization can produce. In point of manners, conversation, and dress, there is nothing that he can discover to distinguish him from a duke, unless indeed it be his superiority in intellect and taste, the natural product of a discipline to the perils of which the dual brain is rarely exposed. Yet, simply because he has no humbugging handle to his name, a parcel of aristocrats affect to consider themselves his superiors, and, as Thackeray says, look down upon him, a free-born English gentleman, as a South American planter looks down upon a nigger. If even they pretend to allow that he is a "gentleman," they have probably, like Fox, an esoteric use of the word in which it is only applied to patricians. His gorge rises fiercely at the bare thought of this last indignity. It is bad enough that the aristocrats should misgovern the country, and systematically avail themselves of every opportunity for plunging the civilized world into the horrors of war. But it is intolerable that they should presume to look down upon him as not gentleman enough for their society, or think that he ought to feel honoured by a shake of their patrician hand. He feels that an hereditary peerage is the darkest relic of a barbarous feudalism, utterly incompatible with a healthy state of modern society, and he vehemently applauds the eloquent republicanism of Mr. Bright. Comical as this spurious species of radicalism may appear, it has its uses, and does good service to the cause of progress. It is wanted, if only to serve as a counterpoise to the flunkeyism which it is the opposite, and perhaps more common, tendency of aristocratic institutions to create. There seems at present no danger that our admirable academical system will cease to turn out flunkeys, and therefore it is as well that it should also turn out Radicals. Their spirit keeps up a healthy protest against the excessive privileges of rank, and puts our nobility upon its mettle. So long as any truth remains in Thackeray's strictures upon the flunkeying effects of that "brutal, maniacal, abominable, and disgusting book, the *Peerage*," it is good for a nobleman to be made to feel that, if among his equals in everything but rank there are men to whose applause his title is a sure passport, there are, on the other hand, men in whose eyes it is a positive drawback. A wholesome balance is struck between the two extremes, and the aristocracy learn that if they wish to retain the support even of their own party, and maintain their proper position in the country, they must trust, not to their birth, but their brains.

Still the antagonism between our kid-gloved Radical and the aristocracy is, after all, for the most part imaginary. It is, at any rate, not to be compared to the antagonism which exists between him and "the people" in whose praises he is so eloquent. With the former he has every affinity except that of rank. He reads the same books as they do, the same newspapers, lives in very much the same world of ideas, and pursues, perhaps on a smaller scale, the same round of pleasures. The very pride of birth, which so offends him in its application to himself, he exhibits to precisely the same extent towards others. He would rather admit into his club Beelzebub himself than a snob; and by a snob he usually means—for we are discussing the spurious Radical, not the Radical *pur et simple*—any man whose social position is markedly inferior to his own. But with the great mass of "the people" he has not a sympathy in common except his fancied aversion to an aristocracy. As a scholar and a gentleman, he scarcely knows whether to be disgusted or amused at the sensation-writing which seems to suit the working-man's palate, or it would scarcely be dished up so regularly for him. So long as democracy and the rule of numbers exist only in the future, he is ready enough to advocate them as vastly superior to the tyranny of the aristocracy, which he persuades himself that he would like them to displace. And his advocacy is not uninfluential, for a man with these views is generally both ready and able to use tongue and pen. Mr. Bright owes some gratitude even to the much-abhorred hereditary peerage for the followers whom a reaction against its social tyranny secures him, and who otherwise would never think of joining his ranks. But it is when Radicals of this stamp are brought face to face with the blessings of democratic rule, and just when their enthusiastic zeal is most wanted, that their real sympathies and instincts show themselves. It is not often that such an occasion occurs; they may with impunity go on from year to year worshipping an ideal democracy, and fondly dreaming of all the aristocratic abuses its

glorious advent would sweep away. But such an occasion has just been furnished by the Reform demonstrations, and it is certainly comical to see the effect they have produced upon Radicals of the kid-glove school. What is the yoke of an aristocracy to the yoke of the mob-orators who have just riaked a dangerous riot in order to test a question of law, who scarcely affect to deny that intimidation is the argumentative weapon upon which they most rely, and for whose edification, and for that of their followers, is written the blatant nonsense about Tory tyranny and the invaded liberties of Englishmen which adorns a portion of the daily press? The Reform demonstrations will at least have this good effect, that they will show to that considerable portion of educated Englishmen who incline to democracy—not on broad doctrinal grounds, but because they entertain a jealous dislike of a privileged order—that aristocratic influence is not by any means the worst evil against which England is called on to contend.

THE LONDON SEASON.

THE season of 1866 hastens to its close. Yet a sputter or two, and its flickering light will be extinguished. A few more afternoon parties, and it will be formally consigned to the limbo of departed vanities. Its failures and successes, its flirtations and finesse, its follies and disappointments, are fading into the dim and shadowy past. All the pretty things that have been spoken are forgotten, all the silly things that have been done are beyond recall. Another page in the history of organized frivolity has been turned over, another link has been added to the chain which unites the fashionable world of our day to the splendours and gallantries of the Regency. Such a moment may well suggest serious reflections to some of the revellers who are about to separate. There are times when self-examination is very salutary; when it is wise, by a severe retrospect, to gather up the teachings of the past; when it behoves us to review our position, to compare aim with achievement, and to strike a balance between loss and gain. On so one perhaps is such an act of self-discipline more incumbent than on the mother of marriageable daughters. Has her three months' game been worth the candle? This is the solemn question which she should ask herself before returning to the shade of the ancestral oaks, and leaving Belgravia to the autumnal guardianship of its solitary policeman. Has the grand object of her annual visit to London been wholly or in part accomplished? Has she secured any solid return for milliners' bills and broken rest? Is it to any purpose that, as a chaperon, she has suffered and been still while her dear girl took a last turn in the waltz, or, regardless of a parent's pain, lingered over the mazes of the cotillon? Have all those purgatorial sittings in foul air and stifling heat been futile and resultless? Is there any reasonable prospect of relief coming in the shape of a rich son-in-law? Or do her daughters show symptoms of remaining, as the horrid distich has it, "her daughters to the end of her life," with the same passion for crowds and the same vigour in the dance? Then she ought further to ask herself whether it is through any fault or omission on her part that they continue single. Is there any precaution that she has neglected, or any condition of success that she has overlooked? Has she lured, angled, snubbed, and threatened with due discrimination? Has she any one act of good-nature towards a younger son to reproach herself with? Possibly, as the mother of younger sons herself, she may have been betrayed into a momentary fit of humanity towards the class, and shown some mistaken kindness. If so, let her repair, or at any rate atone for, her wrong by resolving to treat in future every member of it unlucky enough to come in her way with increased and experimental brutality. Or is she conscious of having found the task of courting the young peer or millionaire rather nauseous and fatiguing? As a British matron has she felt any lurking reluctance to eat dirt at the hands of a stripling? This is a form of pride which she must do her best hereafter to wrestle with and overcome. Or it may be that she has been remiss in asserting the sound motherly doctrine that, in a matrimonial point of view, it is not what a man is, but what a man has, that signifies. However bold and uncompromising may have been her own worship of Mammon, perhaps, through negligence or oversight, some romantic nonsense, born of gush and the circulating library, may have been suffered to poison her pupil's mind. Some rubbishy novel in which the heroine is idiot enough to prefer a Felix Holt to a Harold Transome, or a book of travels showing how, in some lately discovered island of Oceania, the simple natives actually marry for love, may have done mischief, and neutralized the force of the maternal example and precept. Whatever be the prickings of conscience, let her, by penitential exercises, attest her contrition. As a wholesome act of penance, let her sit down and write letters of affectionate congratulation to all rival dowagers who have succeeded this year in marrying their daughters. And, as regrets are worse than useless unless they lead to good resolutions for the future, let her resolve now, while the family coach is at the door to carry her back to West Loamshire, to return in 1867 with renewed patience and energy to her task, with a sliding scale of manners more nicely adjusted than ever, more bland and caressing to wealth, more scornful to gentlemanly poverty; above all, more bent on stamping out the pestilent notion that hearts ought to count for anything in the fashionable theory of marriage.

Another person to whom the end of the season should suggest

some serious thought is the pushing lady, whose whole aim in life is to get on in society. On a calm review of the summer, can she say that her position is improved? Has she managed to lift herself into a better set? Is she by degrees working her way through the intervening social strata towards the summits of society where no fashionable newsmen intrude, and where duchesses announce balls at a day's notice, riding roughshod over a score of "arrangements" a month old? Has her ball paid—the ball which another lady gave at her expense? Or is it for nothing that her champagne has flowed, her doors been wrenched from their hinges, and she herself been degraded in the eyes of her own butler by appearing a simpering nonentity at the head of her own staircase? What reward did she gain by that night of humiliation? Have the stares of the passing crowd grown into smiles of recognition or blossomed into return invitations? Then, has she made herself remarkable or ridiculous by appending to her name a territorial affix? Perhaps it was too much to hope that the Sovereign would take the hint and give her husband a peerage, but has it at least served to advertise the family seat? Has she cringed enough to the great lady of her county, and received in return a crumb of contemptuous notice? Has she any weakness or faltering to reproach herself with, any want of decision in dropping old friends? Has she been silly enough to call on any one in Russell Square, to bow to a country cousin in the Ride, or to open her doors to any suburban dowdies from the Regent's Park? Has she used art as a ladder to mount by, andaped an enthusiasm for music, in order to get fashionable amateurs to her parties? Has she realized all the social advantages to be got by holding a stall at a charitable bazaar? Has she, in brief, done anything to retard, or left undone anything which might promote, the great object of her life? The end of the season comes to remind her of these things. After snatching an interval of well-deserved repose, let her resolve to go on pushing with more spirit than ever.

If the frisky matron ever thinks, she too would do well, at this solemn juncture, to "take stock" of her position. She is about to flit to the waters of Solent or the Fjords of Norway. Does she leave town with the satisfaction of feeling that she has been its talk? Has the season been sufficiently enlivened by her jinks? Notoriety being the very law of her existence, has she sought it at the dowager's mouth? What of her latest spurt of friskiness—her Ladies' Club, with its antics and cigarettes, the seeming idiocy of which was a blind for some very business-like arrangements for love-making? Did it succeed in piquing curiosity? Then she might ask herself whether she has unknowingly lapsed into a temporary fit of propriety, or allowed any lingering scruple to arrest a flirtation. Can she accuse herself of having wasted her peculiar talent on the discharge of any one domestic duty? Has she consistently acted as an irresponsible wife? Has she lavished enough on dress, and recouped herself in trinkets out of the pockets of her bachelor friends? Were her operations at Ascot and the Derby lucrative? Is her appetite for pleasure at all slaked? Is she conscious of any faint stirrings within towards home or child? These are symptoms which must be narrowly watched. They might work an awkward revolution in her plans. Perhaps she is more than a mere trifler. She may be nearing the Rubicon which divides the world of respectability from the half-world famed in French novels. Pretty sinners on the further bank beckon her to cross. Does her heart fail at the final plunge? Shall she beat a retreat, or finish with a splendid indiscretion? What though society be growing ominously cold, and rivals, envious of her good fortune, be already preparing to turn their backs on her? Let her invoke the powers of impudence, and boldly follow whither the star of Montespan and Dubarry points.

There is one more person whom the end of the season may well leave in a pensive mood. The heiress-hunter who has seen one prize after another slip through his fingers may well sigh over the retrospect of his love's labour lost. He is like the fisherman who has baited his hook and thrown his line, and, after weary hours of waiting and many nibbles, landed no fish. Looking back, does he see anything in his conduct to regret? Has the relation of capital to the fair sex been the one subject of his thoughts? Has he committed the enormous folly of flirting with a penniless girl? In the ball-room has he lingered by the side of beauty or amiability while there was a City heiress within hail? Is he stoic enough to have faced the contingency of a wife with red hair? Has he made it his business to get early information of each wealthy *débutante*? Has he studied the weak side of her surviving parent, and been to Doctors' Commons to master the contents of poor papa's will? Has he done his best to poison her mind against all possible competitors? Has he conformed his tastes to hers, raved about Mendelssohn if she was musical, denounced workhouses if she was philanthropic, and got up her pet author if she was literary? And have all these operations been cautiously hidden beneath a veil of lofty and disinterested sentiment? Has he suffered his self-love to be wounded by a rebuff, or any number of rebuffs? Has he proposed to at least two young ladies and a widow this season? Whatever be the shortcomings of which he may be conscious, let him resolve to make up for them by redoubled pertinacity. Happily another year will see him shorn of his bachelor jauntiness, with a life interest in ten thousand a year.

It would conduce to the easing of harassed minds, and the satisfactory despatch of the important business which underlies the mere glitter of the season, if the world of fashion would appoint or elect a father confessor in whose sympathy and judgment its suffering or discouraged members might confide. To him would

come for advice and direction a motley crowd—mothers burning to dispose of their daughters, but somehow spell-bound, giddy matrons who found themselves in a mess, the luckless fortune-hunter, the disheartened toady, the weary aspirant to fashion. Each and all would pour their several griefs into his ear; and he in turn would show them their mistakes, unravel the causes of their failure, and point out how they might conform their lives more thoroughly to the code of Vanity Fair. For the consolation of the dowager, he would instance the small placeman whom Selwyn commemorates as having married three daughters, not remarkable for beauty, to two dukes and a marquis. For a warning, he might single out of her own contemporaries a conspicuous example of blundering vulgarity, with which no one but a needy clerk would care to ally himself. To the pushing lady he would expound the mysteries of the art of rising—an art which has before now transformed a curate into an archbishop. He would reassure the alarmed flirt by pointing out to her what a tough thing reputation is, and what a strain it will bear without snapping. The fittest candidate for such a post would be a thorough man of the world, one who united a total disbelief in the purity of a Galahad to a profound knowledge of the scandalous tittle-tattle of the last three generations. If one of those old young men would accept it about whom, if their departed contemporaries could telegraph to this nether world, they would receive this message back—"1866, Still dancing!"—he would confer a real boon on society. A royalty on Belgravian marriages might provide him with a handsome salary; and it would be more gentlemanly work than stockbroking, or travelling for a firm.

THE TIMES ON THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

WE all of us lose a great deal of enjoyment by the gradual wearing out of our capacity for wonder. There are very few times in our lives when we can come to the brow of the hill without knowing it, and catch the full extent of the prospect in the first unprepared glance. Generally speaking, we have been seeing it bit by bit all the way up, and when we get to the top the complete impression seems unsatisfactory, because it is only the aggregate of all the partial impressions which we have been taking in during our ascent. In the same way, inventions would be much more imposing if success in them did not so often come tentatively, by slow degrees, and after many failures. We talk of the wonders of steam and the revolution it has effected in travelling, but our appreciation of the change is trifling compared with what it would have been if we could have jumped in one day from the old stage-coach to the Limited Irish Mail. Would it not have been almost worth while to have gone into a monastery, or hired an uninhabited island, twenty or thirty years ago, just for the excitement of coming out of our seclusion in 1866 and realizing all at once the changes that have happened during the interval? It would be wasting time, however, to speculate whether the gain would be worth the sacrifice, because there is now living on the earth a man who has evidently made the experiment, and who must therefore be in the best possible position to determine whether it is a paying one. The *Times* of last Monday contained a leading article which was beyond dispute the production of a writer who had only just heard of the electric telegraph. Whether his retirement from the world for the whole time during which this invention has been in operation was voluntary or enforced, whether it is attributable to his own desire to feel the sense of surprise in its fullest perfection, or to the foresight of an editor anxious to have such a subject as the success of the Atlantic cable handled after the most telling fashion, we have no means of knowing. If it is to the latter cause that the article in question is due, the whole arrangement does the highest credit to the manner in which the *Times* is conducted. To catch a promising writer, and keep him locked up for twenty years or so in order to secure a really fresh article at the end of that time, is a trifle. But to feel conscious of possessing such a treasure somewhere about the office, and to resist the temptation of bringing him out on either of the two previous occasions when the laying of the cable was under discussion, does certainly argue an admirable proficiency in editorial self-control. There is a real pleasure in the acknowledgment that the effort has met with all the success which it deserved. The article of Monday is just what might have been expected from so arduous a course of preparation. Public curiosity may busy itself with speculations as to where the writer has been all this time, but at any rate it is quite clear that he has not been living in the society of his fellow-men. The great wonder of the age has revealed itself to a virgin mind. He has never degraded science to every-day uses, nor made electricity minister to his commonplace wants. To him the telegraph has "unveiled her awful face" for the first time in the very moment of her supreme triumph. We are happy to be able to add that "the dauntless child" has "stretched forth his little arms," and written a leader.

Let us, then, do our best to profit by the utterances of a soul that has been miraculously preserved from the vulgarizing influences of habit and custom, and thus enabled to treat a great question as it ought to be treated. It is difficult for men who have watched the whole course of the experiment to dissociate it altogether from such every-day ideas as preference shares and guaranteed dividends; and the wisest of us may well consent to take a lesson from that pure and unsophisticated spirit who came out of his hermitage last

Monday. People in whose minds the telegraph is somehow mixed up with inquiries after lost luggage, or the ordering of Greenwich dinners, can hardly realize the emotion which seized the writer in the *Times* when he was first brought face to face with the miracle. "We see," he says, "a little mirror wavering to and fro, and watch a gleam of light flashing here and there about a dial." He is told, we may suppose, what is the meaning of these waverings and flashings, and he is at once properly impressed. "What imagination could ever have dreamt that the movement was caused by a slight and silent operation on the shores of Newfoundland?" Now we see the immense advantage which he derives from his previous ignorance. He has no recollection of other submarine cables to weaken the full burst of admiration with which he regards the last and longest of them. "That slight rope lying insignificant and perhaps almost invisible in the vast depths of the Atlantic" has it all its own way with him, and he confesses that, could he but see it, "it would suggest strange thoughts." As to do this, however, is clearly impossible, his well-balanced intellect is content to believe that he would be no gainer by the attempt, even if it were successful. "You might lay bare that tiny wire and watch it, but you would see nothing and feel nothing." On the whole, the shareholders of the Company may fairly rejoice that the philosopher is unable to put his theory to the test, since the denudation of the cable "in the vast depths of the Atlantic" might speedily lead to a state of things in which the telegraph clerks at each end "would see nothing and feel nothing." With the frankness of true science, the writer does not attempt to conceal what an "extraordinary revelation" the "whole subject of electricity" is to him. Hitherto he has been "apt to think that the causes of what we see must be near and tangible." Now he knows better. "With the present subject before us we obtain a new idea of the infinite possibilities of natural influences." By this time the "mirror wavering and flashing in a little room in Ireland" has evidently got complete possession of his imagination. He begins to think that it may have mysterious capabilities even beyond those which he first gave it credit for. "What other occult influences may there not still remain to be discovered?" After all, human nature will assert itself at intervals, even in a contributor to the *Times*. The savage attributes miraculous powers to every instrument of the working of which he is ignorant, and here we have "occult influences" darkly hinted at in connection with the mysterious telegraph. It is a genuine instance of the successive stages of Fetish worship—first wonder, then fear, then the desire of propitiation. "As for the gun itself," says Robinson Crusoe, "Friday would not so much as touch it; but he would speak to it, and talk to it, as if it had answered him, when he was by himself, which, as I afterwards learned of him, was to desire it not to kill him." And we dare say that, if the writer in the *Times* had been left alone in that "little room in Ireland," he might have been overheard speaking to the mysterious mirror, "as if it had answered him," and desiring it "not to kill him."

From the contemplation of the Atlantic Telegraph considered in itself, the writer turns to the contemplation of it considered in its results. And the first consequence which strikes him is that it "cannot fail to lead to a great advance in the development of human dominion over nature." This at first sight may seem slightly vague, but in the next sentence we get something a little more definite and a good deal more startling. "It may be expected to prove an important link in the work of replenishing the earth and subduing it." The connection between the idea of the telegraph and the idea of "subduing the earth" is rather difficult to discover, unless, as we incline to think probable, the writer has confounded the telegraphic needle with the needle-gun; but in what way the cable is to aid in "replenishing the earth" is a problem altogether beyond our power of solving. It is somehow to promote emigration—that much is clear; but unfortunately this explanation leaves us just where we were. The writer can hardly mean to imply that the cable will itself supply additional means of transit to the United States; and the only other interpretation we can suggest—that it will afford the emigrants facilities for ordering beds before they start from England—seems hardly commensurate with the dignity of his argument. However, we may pass over this difficulty, and go on to the "moral and political effects of the achievement." England and America will now be brought, "for some of the most important purposes of intelligent intercourse," into as close a connection as exists between England and France, or between the several nations of the Continent. In Europe, "we see every day the influence of this close incessant web of intercourse." For a long time the "nations of the civilized world seemed to grow up apart, only occasionally coming into collision." Now, "a quick sympathy pervades the whole of Europe." We could wish that the writer had indicated with a little more precision the application of this theory to recent events. It is certainly true that Austria and Prussia, for example, have very emphatically come into collision since the introduction of telegraphic communication. But in what part of their recent intercourse are we to look for an exemplification of that "quick sympathy" which has pervaded these two countries in common with "the whole of Europe," in consequence of the laying of the "tiny wire" between Berlin and Vienna? Still, although the writer gives us no assistance in answering these questions, it is clear that he has some way of disposing of them which satisfies his own mind, since he goes on to say that the Old and the New World

will henceforward derive as much benefit from the invention of the telegraph as the different nations of Europe have already done—a prospect which hardly seems to us as encouraging as it does to him. "Now, if all analogies be not misleading, every feeling of isolation must be dissipated on both sides. We cannot have such constant knowledge of each other without being always in each other's thoughts." Certainly, whatever increase of brotherly love is involved in having "America" a daily heading in our telegraphic news, instead of one recurring at intervals of a week or so, we may expect to gain from the laying of the cable. But unfortunately "the effect of this close communication" does not always take the form of "a keener sympathy and a closer relation," so that we rather question whether the moral consequences of the change will be as necessarily beneficial as the writer in the *Times* anticipates. As to its intellectual consequences, which are next described, we shall not attempt to criticize, because we are wholly unable to understand them. They will be seen, it appears, "in a quickened and more energetic life." Why our thoughts are to become "more vigorous, rapid, and energetic," because we read the price of cotton or the proceedings in Congress every morning instead of once a week, we cannot profess to say; nor have we the faintest notion why the difference between the world before and since the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph is "like the difference between city and country." Formerly the world "was built on two sides of a deep river, but these are now united and the city is one." The *Times* seems to say that this will be a blessing, so we suppose it is one; but we should like to have the particulars of it made a little clearer. "Such," the article concludes, "are some of the prospects opened to us by this great victory over nature." Perhaps the writer will condescend on some other occasion to give us a few more "prospects"; they might turn out useful in helping us to comprehend the first.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

IX.

BETWEEN the pure topography of Mr. Brett and the free arrangement of artists who attempt composition, we have a large class of more or less skilfully painted pictures, in which the natural scene is copied without much interference of imagination, yet at the same time without that extreme accuracy which in the purest topography always leads to quaintness, and is offensive to the ordinary public. It is from this intermediate class of landscape that common purchasers, when left to their own judgment, most willingly select their acquisitions. True topography repels them because it looks so stiff and queer; true imagination repels them because it looks so wild and unintelligible; but topography, with some alloy of exaggeration, some deference to simple convenience in arrangement, suits them because they themselves see nature in a semi-topographic, semi-sentimental way. The general public is not remarkable for the accuracy of its ideas about anything, so it is not likely to appreciate very heartily a kind of art whose chief merit is to be accurate; on the other hand, the general public is not a poet, though it can feel more or less poetically on occasion. When people see a picture of a place they know, they like it to be faithful and accurate, so far as they can judge of accuracy—that is to say, they like to be able to recognise all the features they remember; but the artist who desires to be considered faithful will do wisely to avoid exactness. For our own part, we confess that while truly accurate topography compels our respect by its earnest adherence to a kind of truth which is by no means so generally obvious as some critics suppose, and while, on the other hand, truly imaginative work appears to us worthy of a warm and passionate enthusiasm, we set little value on the intermediate art of bastard topography, which is servile without exactness, and inaccurate without imagination.

If any picture of this class could deserve warm praise, it would be the "Matterhorn," by Mr. Edwin Pettitt, in the Suffolk Street Gallery. As the work of an artist who, we believe, is still young, there can be no doubt that it is full of rich promise of a certain kind of excellence. There is already an unusual acquaintance with mountain form, an evident love for magnificent scenery, and manual skill which, though of a kind we cannot wholly approve, is evidence of industry in the artist. Our criticism on this work can be little else than a repetition of our introductory observations. Considered as a picture, it is wholly without arrangement for light and shade, the lights being so scattered as to produce a general feebleness; and although the colour is good in parts, the rich bit of Alpine pasture in the foreground being especially true, still there is no great intentional harmony of colour, such as the true colourists always seek. On the other hand, considered as simple topography, the picture does not look odd enough to be true, for topography, when quite delicately exact, always looks odd. We are not sure whether Mr. Pettitt has exaggerated the height of the Matterhorn—perhaps not, for the Matterhorn is so tremendous that even a photograph of it looks imposing; but on reference to Mr. Pettitt's smaller picture of the "Mer de Glace" we find that he has attenuated and enfeebled the aiguilles, which are not thoroughly drawn. It is scarcely becoming in critics to offer direct advice to painters as to what they ought to do, but we should be glad to see Mr. Pettitt still more resolutely a topographer. Very grand scenery, such as that about Zermatt or Chamouni, can do without exaggeration; the simple truth about it is overwhelming enough. Mr. Pettitt is much nearer to Brett than to Bierstadt; he is more likely by future labour to reach the minute truth of the "Val d'Aosta."

than the magnificent grasp of the painter of the Rocky Mountains.

An artist who long ago was a great source of strength to the Suffolk Street Gallery, Mr. Anthony, exhibits this year, as is his present custom, in the Royal Academy. His picture, "The Peace of the Valley," is scarcely worthy of him; much of the colour is crude, and the work does not hold well together. The scene is a country churchyard, the tower of the church being unusually large relatively to the edifice, and richly clothed with ivy. The sky is poor and unequal; perhaps the crudest piece of colour is the green of the fields on the right. Mr. Creswick's "Kynance Cove, near the Lizard, Cornwall," better sustains an achieved reputation; it is a green inlet of sea amongst fine rocks plentifully inhabited by seagulls. There is a natural arch of rock and a pleasant beach with bad figures on it. In Mr. Creswick's other contribution to the Academy Exhibition, "A Breezy Day on the English Coast," the artist has called in the assistance of Mr. Ansdell. We observed with pleasure a small landscape by Mr. R. T. Pain, "The Stream from Llyn Cae, Cader Idris, Wales." The subject is exceedingly simple—a lonely stream amongst low hills, whose tops are touched with light, a pale sky, a mossy stone or two, and reflections; but the scene is rendered with such true feeling that we are bound to mention it. For the same reason we cannot pass without notice Mr. J. R. Lee's "Elfin Ground," the landscape material in which is simple and commonplace, but the treatment and sentiment refined and poetical in a very high degree. A piece of undulating land, with a cow and calf, a wooden rail casting a shadow in the early moonlight, a few trees, a tenderly-lighted sky—such are the unpromising materials from which Mr. Lee has received a true inspiration. Not far from it is hung an effective sketch by Mr. J. B. McDonald, a "View on Deeside, Aberdeenshire"—a little stream with a cottage and tiny field appertaining to it, the bright sky above clouded with light clouds. The way in which this sketch is executed proves a power of comprehension which may be of great use in larger and more finished performances. Mr. J. S. Raven has a picture which no doubt has considerably puzzled some spectators—"Midsummer Moonlight, Dew Rising." A stony foreground by a waterside, smooth river or possibly lake, and behind it some trees losing themselves in mist, constitute the picture. The stones are very true, and the trees delicately drawn; the effect is a success, though of course rather difficult to make out, as indeed would be the same effect in nature. Mr. Raven deserves praise for his courage in selecting it. We are sorry not to be able to praise Mr. W. Linnell's important work, "As a Shepherd divideth the Sheep from the Goats." The colour is not merely warm and glowing, but oppressively and unpleasantly hot; and the Linnell mannerism is now so confirmed that the painter seems incapable of self-surrender to any fresh and direct impression. The sky is fine, however, in its way; its reddish films traversing and half-veiling the blue are within the limits of possible truth. Mr. B. W. Leader's picture, "The Close of Summer," has an elaborate well-selected sky with a crescent moon, some very graceful slender trees, a stream with brilliant broken reflections in it, and carefully painted stones. The fault of this picture, as of others by the same artist, is a too evident seeking for brilliance, inclining slightly to Brummagem. His other picture, "A fine day in Autumn, North Wales," has an admirable general effect of light. The mountain-side has evidently been studied with great care down to the shore of the lake, and in the foreground we have some good rock-painting, with lichen and moss, and much transparency in the water under the rocks. One of our favourite landscapes in the Academy is the very unpretending one by Mr. W. Field, called "An empty Cart," consisting of little else than a flat wheat-field going away to the horizon, an admirable sky, grey blue, with broken warm clouds all over it, and a cart or waggon with two horses in the field below. The unusual truth and good quality of the painting make this a very desirable picture; the colour, though not in the least pretentious, is really fine in its sober way, finer than Mr. Leader's, if not so brilliant. Mr. H. Moore contributes an agreeable landscape to the Royal Academy, "Brading Down," with a pleasant pale greenish sky and light clouds that cast purplish shadows on the land; without being in any sense a remarkable picture, this seems to deserve mention. There is power of a certain kind in Mr. G. Sant's "Black Park, Langley, Bucks," an intricate wood-scene rather largely painted, somewhat in the Continental manner; but we object to the way in which the dead ferns on the left are rendered; the curvature is coarse and false. In this instance Mr. Sant has allowed his hand to run away with him.

Error of this kind can never be imputed to Mr. E. W. Cooke, whose marine subjects are as true and careful as his geological ones, and as entirely devoid of all the higher artistic feelings. His advocacy of that noble institution which surrounds our coasts with life-boats, and his true sympathy with the efforts of the brave men who man them, do him great honour, and we are glad to find a picture by him illustrating the "Rescue of the Crew of a Barque on the Goodwin by the Van Kock, North Deal Lifeboat." Unfortunately no painter can hope to excite the same eager interest in such events that we feel in the presence of the actual scene. In London during the month of July, how can we realize the perils of mariners on the Goodwin in the stormy nights of January? Besides, the pictorial record develops no progressive action, whereas every moment of

the struggling voyage of a lifeboat, as it makes its arduous way to the doomed ship, is one of intense and constantly increasing interest. No one who has not felt it can realize the thrill with which spectators on the shore see the deliverance of a crew from the jaws of an else inevitable death; it is the finest emotion to be had in these times, and might rouse apathetic people as effectively as bull-fights or gladiatorial combats. Painting can do little towards the excitement of this emotion; written narrative does more and better. Mr. Cooke cannot, therefore, expect pictures of this class to create any lively interest or sensation, though his green sea tosses wildly enough and his lifeboat struggles well, and the hollow shell with which crews, as if in mockery, are provided in case of shipwreck comes floating bottom uppermost on the surge, her planks rent away, and her ribs showing ghastly like the ribs of grim death. In "Sheveling Pincks, Low Water," we have a still better specimen of the master, with more definite attempt at arrangement in form and colour; vessels ashore drying their sails, with a cloudy sky behind them, and wet sand, with reflections, below. Mr. C. E. Johnson has contributed several clever marine pictures to the Academy, two of the best of which are "Hastings Ferry-boat going out to a Smack," and "Down the River." Mr. Johnson reconciles himself without difficulty to muddy water, and even seems to enjoy it, probably from an affectionate feeling for the Thames and our narrow seas; the consequence is that he misses no beauty which such water can possess. His boats are drawn with knowledge, and agreeably coloured. Mr. J. Docherty has a rather impressive picture of "Day-break, Mist rising off Ben Cruachen, Loch Awe." The mountain is wrongly named; this is not Ben Cruachen, but another mountain of the same range, just behind Kilchurn, whose name we will not venture to print, for we never could get two authorities in Gaelic to spell it for us in the same manner. The mist rises very finely in this picture, with true curves, and the effect selected proves that the artist observes nature under effects not altogether commonplace, and at hours when ordinary tourists are in bed. The prince of Highland landscape-painters, except perhaps Mr. Graham, is Mr. Alfred Newton of the Water-Colour Society. His "Returning from Kirk" is one of the most charming and exquisitely faithful renderings of Highland lake scenery we ever met with. From the crests of the snowy mountains to the tenderly suggested details of the lake shore there is such entire knowledge of Highland forms that we hardly know how to praise the work warmly enough; and the water pleases us nearly as much as the land, for the artist is master of its phenomena, and, far too well informed to content himself with the traditional white line, gives us an isolated breeze and several long breezes in their true relations of colour to the calm surface and surrounding landscape. The "Scene near Dunstaffnage" is of less importance, but proves that Mr. Newton appreciates the more chilly and dreary aspects of the Highlands. "The Coliseum," by the same artist, is seen under a fine impressive effect of moonlight with misty air; the only figures are three French soldiers with glittering bayonets. A more popular, yet in our opinion less faithful, illustrator of Highland scenery is Mr. T. M. Richardson. It is no wonder that he should enjoy so extensive a popularity. He does not feel very deeply, and there is no sign that he really loves the Highlands; but he admires them as a man of the world may, and paints them with infinite skill and spirit, if not with any special sentiment or tenderness. Mr. Richardson's art is so well known that there is no need to expatiate on its characteristics. It is very healthy and bright, for Mr. Richardson has none of that peculiar genius which is most exposed to morbidity. So far his influence may be beneficial, and his technical skill is quite beyond cavil or question. His arrangement of subject is arbitrary and evidently artificial, of which his "Glen Coe" this year is an example. He aims always at the artistic results of variety, interest, contrast; never at the spiritual influences of natural scenery. His art is likely to give pleasure to fashionable people who enjoy nature as a refreshment after the London season, but it can never satisfy the earnest and solitary worshipper.

We are sorry not to be able to speak favourably of Mr. David Cox. The former bearer of that name did so much to honour it that we should have wished to see it worthily upheld like some proud title of nobility. Of Mr. Cox's drawing, "In the Pass of Llanberis," also in the Water-Colour Exhibition, we hardly like to say what we think. It is truly a hopeless kind of painting. When an artist does really bad work, there is still reason to hope well for him, if only its badness is due to want of balance in qualities. A young artist trying hard for colour is pretty sure to sin against chiaroscuro, but this ought to be forgiven him; and again, if he tries for light and shade, there is likely to be a temporary failure in local colour, and even in form, but this ought to be forgiven him. In Mr. Cox's case it is impossible to discover any excuse of this kind; there is no sign that he aims at anything, except covering his paper expeditiously. There is no drawing here, either of mountain or cloud; nothing but blotting, relieved by white spots in the foreground. A yet more reprehensible work is the "Cornfield, Bromley, Kent." Nothing could be more uninteresting than its wide expanse of stubble, represented by means of thick short strokes. And the sheaves! when we think of the golden grace of real corn, every sheaf lighted within by rich yellow transmitted light, and full of the multitude of its stalks, how entirely unacceptable is the coarseness of this interpretation! Nothing could be more opposed to the carelessness of Mr. Cox

than the intense perception and patient labour of Mr. Boyce. In his "Wotton House, Surrey," the building itself is good and delicate, and the autumnal wood meritorious at least in colour, but the foreground lacks interest and seems weak. In "Pangbourne, Berks," the same artist distinguishes himself, however, by giving proof of an admirable knowledge of ground, whilst his brick houses, as usual, are beyond rivalry; but there is a strange feebleness in the sky. The reason for these failures, now in one point, now in another, is merely the wonderful success of the successful passages, which makes the least weakness anywhere else as visible as a spot of scarlet in a green field. We would rather, however, have Mr. Boyce's work such as it is, with its exceptional qualities and occasional shortcomings, than the more equal performances of inferior men.

GOODWOOD.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast amount of fine writing that is annually expended on the laudation of "Glorious Goodwood," with its stereotyped accessories of magnificent landscape, aristocratic patronage, elaborate toilets, and abundant sport, it may be questioned whether even the most insatiate votary of the Turf ever quitted the scene of these manifold attractions without a lurking feeling of satisfaction—something akin, we should suppose, to the sensations of a Cabinet Minister on the evening of the Whitebait Dinner—that Goodwood was at last fairly over, and with it had come the omega of the London racing season. The supposition, we are aware, smacks of heresy; but after the *tonjours perdrix* of a four days' meeting, averaging nearly ten events a day, relieved only by irregular interludes of boisterous wind and rain in every considerable variety, from deluge to drizzle—to say nothing of extortionate hotel-keepers and cabmen, and the generally indifferent character of the racing—it is hard that we should be denied the Briton's dearest prerogative of grumbling. If there is any one meeting of the year where fine weather is absolutely indispensable, it is Goodwood; and though Wednesday made some amends in this respect for the shortcomings of the opening day, it was painfully manifest throughout the whole of the proceedings that the rain of Tuesday and Thursday had thrown an effectual damper on the gathering. Regarded from a purely racing point of view, the sport was decidedly below the average of previous years. The entries for the majority of the principal races were less numerous, and the fields disproportionately small and inferior in character, while the absence of several expected candidates whose appearance had been looked forward to with unusual interest created a general feeling of disappointment, and in many cases formed the subject of angry comment.

The sport commenced on Tuesday somewhat inauspiciously with a walk over, neither Sultan, Ostregor, nor Forester, all of whom had more important engagements, being brought out to oppose Lord Westmoreland's Brahma for the Craven Stakes. The Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. was won by Confederate, after an exciting struggle with the happily-named Indigestion out of Plum-pudding; Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris, who was the favourite, only obtaining third place. Next in order came the Lavant Stakes, which at one time promised to furnish one of the most attractive races of the meeting, as in addition to Colonel Pearson's wonderful filly Achievement, own sister to Lord Lyon, the entries included most of the crack two-year-olds of the season—among others Hermit, Marksman, Cellinas, Lady Hester, Red Shoes, and Cerf Volant, the "dark" representative of the French stable. Of the above lot, only Lady Hester and Red Shoes came to the post, and the former narrowly escaped the honour of lowering the colours of Colonel Pearson's unbeaten filly, who seemed scarcely to be able to face the violent gale of wind that was blowing during the race, and for the first time in her career had to be roused by her jockey at the finish. As it was, she answered gamely to the call of Custance, and landed cleverly the long odds of 7 to 1 that were laid upon her, by half a length. Sir Joseph Hawley's Derby candidate, Red Shoes, was absolutely last. The Gratwicke Stakes, which in former times have not unfrequently produced an embryo Derby winner, and for which there were originally twenty-six subscribers, only produced a field of five, and proved a hollow affair for Ischia, who fully confirmed her Oaks running by disposing of the two favourites, Robin Hood (Baron Rothschild's) and Westwick, almost without an effort. The Stewards' Cup—for which most of the principal stables have usually a "good thing" in preparation months beforehand, as it is invariably one of the heaviest betting races of the meeting—brought out only twenty-four runners, out of an entry of seventy-one, being twelve less than last year, and sixteen less than in 1864. Prominent among the absentees were the disqualified Il Re Galantuomo, The Duke, who was reserved for the Goodwood Cup, Mrs. Stratton, and Gretna—the non-appearance of the two latter creating no little consternation among their backers, as both were considered to have been very leniently treated by the handicapper, and had been consequently heavily backed by the public immediately the weights appeared. The race proved another surprise, to the confusion of both the prophets and the talent, as the despised Sultan, whose name until the last moment scarcely even figured among the "probable starters," literally won as he liked, his jockey patting him on the neck as he cantered past the judge's chair. The winner, who was trained in

France, is a splendid-looking animal, with great depth of girth, and possessing a fine commanding action. He is the property of Baron Niviere, better known in this country under his racing alias of Major Fridolin. The Ham Stakes was won by Alonna, a smart-looking filly by Newminster out of The Wizard's dam, after a close struggle with Lord Glasgow's Maid of Masham colt; and the 50 sovs. Plate, which brought the first day's racing to a conclusion, proved little better than a canter for Mr. Chaplin's Mazurka.

Wednesday brought a change of genuine Goodwood weather, which appeared to be duly appreciated by the spectators, more especially by the fair occupants of the lawn, whose brilliant summer toilets offered a marked contrast to the dripping desolation of the previous day. The first event, a Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., for all ages, fell to Mr. Thelluson's new purchase, Ostregor, who, notwithstanding his top weight of 10 st., won cleverly from the favourite, Icicle, to whom he was conceding no less than 3 st. 7 lb. The Drawing-room Stakes, won last year by Gladiateur, were again credited to Count Lagrange through the medium of Auguste, whose easy victory took all the *cognoscenti* by surprise; indeed, if the running were true, the capabilities of Lord Glasgow's Toxophilite colt must have been vastly overrated, as hitherto the winner, though always greatly fancied by his owner and trainer, has never shown much above plating form. The Filly Sweepstakes and the Goodwood Derby were walked over for respectively by Ischia and War, while the Handicap Plate of 100 sovs. fell to Mr. Chaplin's expensive purchase, Broomielaw; whose victory, however, was narrowly jeopardized by his sulky temper, as nothing but the application of a stout hunting-whip could induce him to leave the starting-post, and Custance had to ride him very resolutely at the finish to land him two lengths in advance of Baron Rothschild's very indifferent mare Guinivere. Fripponier, favoured by the state of the ground, won the Findon Stakes cleverly by a head from Bismark, to whom he was conceding 5 lbs., the favourite, Marksman, only obtaining fourth place—a performance which certainly does not speak very favourably for his Derby pretensions. Next in order came the Goodwood Stakes—the great event of the day—for which ten candidates came to the post, all of whom, with the exception of La Fortune and Forester, were three-year-olds. The market movements in connection with this race presented several very curious phases. The Special, the chosen representative of William Day's stable, held for some time the highest place in the betting. Whether this was the result of a genuine stable commission, or was simply owing to the warm support accorded to him by the public, whom no experience, it seems, will teach the danger of meddling with a Woodyates favourite, it is impossible to say; but, notwithstanding the repeated allegations of softness on his dam's side, and the current report that he had never been tried the distance, the horse remained remarkably firm to the last; indeed, it was naively observed that neither friends nor foes could succeed in driving him back in the market. Black Prince and the Midia colt, both of whom were said to have been highly tried in private, were also greatly fancied by many; and the former was so strongly supported by the Danebury party that he gradually superseded William Day's candidate, and, after one or two fluctuations, actually started first favourite. The result, however, furnished another remarkable illustration of the uncertainty of private trials, as neither Black Prince nor Lord Portsmouth's colt were in the race from start to finish, and the much-vaunted Woodyates representative failed to get nearer than second to Lord Westmoreland's Rama—a rank outsider, who was reported lame at Nottingham, and started at 16 to 1.

The Cup was, of course, the principal attraction of Thursday; indeed, with the exception of the Molecombe Stakes, in which Marksman succeeded in reversing the running in the Findon Stakes by a clever defeat of Bismark, there was little in this day's racing to call for particular attention. Early in the morning no little consternation was created among the backers of The Duke by the announcement that the Marquis of Hastings had determined not to run him, in consequence, it was reported, of having been forestalled in the market by the French party, and at one time as much as 8 to 1 was laid against him, and 4 to 1 that he did not start. This seemed to leave the Cup at the mercy of Tourmalin, and such was the eagerness of the followers of Baron Rothschild's colours to get on the apparent "good thing" that 7 to 4 was freely offered on her chance. It subsequently transpired, however, that the retrogression of The Duke had no real foundation, as he came again in a most remarkable manner in the course of the day, and, when the flag fell, was in heavy demand at even money, Tourmalin having receded to 2 to 1. The race was practically reduced to a match between the pair, as they were opposed by nothing better than Moulsey, Archimedes, and Watchman, and when a mile from home the two favourites were left to fight it out. Entering the straight, Tourmalin showed with a clear lead, and for a moment looked all over like a winner; but on nearing the distance The Duke, who was ridden with great patience by Fordham, answered gamely to the call of his jockey, and cutting down the Baron's filly in the last hundred yards, won, after a splendid struggle, by a length. The pace was remarkably slow for the first mile and a half, which was unquestionably in favour of the

Marquis of Hastings' horse, as he was manifestly deficient in preparation for so severe a course; indeed, it was pretty generally understood that his owner only made up his mind to run him at the beginning of last week, when it became known that the formidable Gladiateur would be an absentee. As it was, he won simply by his fine turn of speed, but had there been anything in the race to force the running the result would in all probability have been different. The concluding day of the Meeting produced but few features of attraction; indeed not a few of the events were of a decidedly plating character, and utterly unworthy of Goodwood.

We must not omit to mention that the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were present during the Meeting, but for which fortunate circumstance, it was said, there would have been some difficulty in prevailing upon Sir Richard Mayne to permit the attendance of the usual detachment of the A Division. We shudder to think what Goodwood would have been without the Force, or what the Reform League might have done in their absence.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

AS Mr. Gye was first to begin this year, so he has been first to desist. He opened the doors of Covent Garden Theatre on the 3rd of April, and shut them again on the 28th of July—like Janus (*Clausius*), with the peace. The Italian Opera season is brief in comparison with former times, and, if only on that account, ought, one would imagine, to be more brilliant; but whether the fact be so or the contrary it is not our present purpose to examine.

Among the singers unknown to this country whose names were advertised in the prospectus which it is usual to issue before the commencement of the season, only one can be said to have created a really strong impression. That one, it is almost superfluous to add, is Madame Maria Vilda, whose fine soprano voice took the operatic world by assault when it first made itself heard in Norma, who lost some little of her suddenly acquired prestige by a very inferior performance of Lucrezia Borgia, and who won back her laurels fairly enough as Leonora in the *Trovatore*. Not to enter anew into the general question of this lady's merits, we may say at once that, possessing no dramatic talent, nor even the promise of it, she is better suited in the last-named opera than in either *Norma* or *Lucrezia*. True, Leonora is supposed to be both young and beautiful, neither of which conditions is fulfilled in the person of Madame Vilda; but an elderly *prima donna*, even unaccompanied by the redeeming qualities that made Ninon de l'Enclos bewitching at seventy, has recently been by no means a very unusual rarity. The chief thing to be regretted in Madame Vilda's case is that, having begun stage life some twenty years too late, no expectation can be entertained of her acquiring within a reasonable period the experience indispensable to perfect herself in her art. Every year with her is, unfortunately, a year to the bad, instead of, as with a younger aspirant, a year to the good. Still she has a voice the power and rare quality of which are undeniable; and that voice may exercise a charm for some time hence, notwithstanding the evident fact that it has not been trained on such legitimate principles as to warrant a hope that she can ever become a much more practised singer than she is now. Next to Madame Vilda, Mr. Gye's subscribers have had least cause to be dissatisfied with Madlle. Aglaja Orgeni, another German soprano, who early in the season won considerable credit by her performance in the *Traviata* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*—a credit scarcely maintained by her subsequent essay in *Martha*. The strongly-flavoured mannerisms of Madame Viardot Garcia, which are of course imparted to her pupils, and have done much to spoil the most gifted of them (Madlle. Desirée Artot), do not consort with the music which M. Flotow (a Russian composer of whom the country of Glinka and Borntianski has small reason to be proud) puts into the mouth of his Lady Enrichetta—music that, apart from the melody of the "Groves of Blarney" (not M. Flotow's), is insipidity itself. But Madlle. Orgeni, whose voice, though small in volume, is sweet in quality, flexible, and of fair compass, has youth in her favour. As an actress, while provokingly tame, she is natural, lady-like, and seemingly intelligent; the rest may follow. In short, though she has a great deal to learn and something to unlearn, we are warranted in looking to Madlle. Orgeni's future career with interest. Madlle. Morensi, the young American, but recently from Copenhagen—"contralto" or "mezzo-soprano" at pleasure—is a lively actress, as was evinced by her impersonation of Nancy (*Martha*), and still more remarkably by her Lady Koburg (*Fra Diavolo*); but she is wholly unformed as a singer. Yet she has attractions which, combined with youth, must always make her acceptable, provided she conscientiously strives to improve. It was a pity that a lady thus endowed should be so often exhibited under the grimy aspect of Azucena, the most emphatic illustration of boredom to be cited from the operatic repertory. A pity too that, when not assuming the complexion and habiliments of a ranting old sorceress, she should so often come forth in man's attire—as Urbain, a page, or as Siebel, a sentimental lover, the interpolation of whom into *Faust* has brought down upon MM. Barbier and Carré the malediction of every worshipper of Germany's great poet. Had Madlle. Morensi been seen more frequently *dulce subridens* in the costume that best becomes her sex, she would perhaps have been more highly thought of. Under

any circumstances she will be welcome next year. Madlle. Marietta Biancolini, another young *contralto*, was only heard as Maffeo Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*; nor did the impression she created justify regret that further opportunities should not have been awarded her. Her only claim to consideration was the fact—now rather an exception than a rule—of her being Italian *pur sang*. A good *contralto* seems as hard to meet with as a good tenor, or that scarcest of operatic phenomena, a "*comprimaria*," not only practised but *willing*. There seems to be a rooted objection among singers of our day to accept any less distinction than that of "*prima donna assoluta*," absolute first lady. Thus a manager is at his wits' end to apportion the secondary characters in an opera, even respectably. Hence the Sonieris, the Lustanis, the Aneses, the Biancolinis, the Vestris, &c., whose incompetency too often weakens the effect of a generally excellent performance, and to whom tasks are assigned that it would be no discredit for the Orgenis, the Friccis, the Sherringtons, or even the Artots, to undertake.

O le plaisant conseil! Non, non, songeons à vivre—

these ladies will doubtless rejoin, with "le gras Evard" in the *Lutrin*. According to the *emploi* is the amount of the honorarium. And thus the manager is hit both ways—in purse and in credit; for the mere fact of his paying the salary of a "first lady" to an artist who can only by any possibility be useful to him as a "second" puts that artist on her dignity, and furnishes her with a quasi-legal pretext to decline any but leading parts.

The new singers of the other sex whom Mr. Gye has introduced to the public this year are Signors Fancelli and Nicolini—both tenors. The most recent performance of Signor Fancelli (as Contino del Fiore, in *Crispino e la Comare*) gave us no reason to modify the opinion founded upon his *début* as Edgardo, and strengthened by his subsequent essay as Elvino. To a voice which, however agreeable in quality, is wholly wanting in power—a *tenorino leggierrissimo*, though by no means over-flexible—he unites a degree of expression which at intervals endows his singing with a certain charm, but which has the slight drawback of being always the same. The last time you hear Signor Fancelli you find you have learned no more of him than when you heard him first; and for the best of reasons—there is nothing more to learn. The same privilege was not allowed us of testing the claims of Signor Nicolini, whose first appearance (as Edgardo) was also his last. To the precipitate retreat of this gentleman we were indebted for the *Fra Diavolo* of Signor Naudin, an Italian, just as French in his manner, or rather mannerism, as Signor Nicolini (M. Nicolas), who is a Frenchman. Signor Naudin having been kept away last season by the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, we include him among the new-comers, and at once acknowledge the substantial aid he has afforded to the theatre by his readiness and versatility. We cannot admire either his voice or his style of singing, which, it must be presumed, is natural to him, but which is affected, overstrained, and artificial. Credit, nevertheless, must be allowed to an artist who, besides being invariably correct, is able to sustain more than respectably so wide a range of characters. There is but little in common between any two of such parts as Vasco di Gama, Pollio, Danilowitz, *Fra Diavolo*, &c., but Signor Naudin, after his manner, sings them equally well, although he can hardly be said to act them, histrionic genius not being among his special gifts. M. Faure, who disdains to Italianize his patronym, was equally pressed into Meyerbeer's service; and thus London was deprived of him, too, for a season. No matter what name M. Faure assumed, it would be impossible to take him for Italian, or indeed for anything else than French. Though he uses the Italian tongue with sufficient fluency, we can scarcely believe he is really singing in Italian, more especially when his companions are thorough Romans, like Madlle. Adelina Patti, Signor Mario, and Signor Ronconi—as is the case in the delightful performance of *L'Élixir d'Amore*. We are not on the side of those who enthusiastically praise M. Faure. On the contrary, we think his voice, while flexible and thoroughly under command, hard and unmusical in quality; as a singer we consider him prone to exaggerated emphasis and other faults; whilst as an actor we are disposed to class him in the least elevated school of histrionic art—the realistic, or demonstrative. Still it cannot be denied that without this clever Frenchman it would be difficult to give *Don Giovanni*—for *Don Giovanni* with such a *Don Giovanni* as Signor Graziani would be intolerable; it would be difficult to provide a suitable representation of *L'Etoile du Nord*—for none can have forgotten how very little "Peter the Great" appeared, a twelve-month since, under the aspect of that Italianized Frenchman, Signor Attri; and it would be difficult to fill certain characters of more or less importance in other operas. In versatility M. Faure is even more than a match for Signor Naudin; and now that Signor Tamburini has wisely abandoned the stage, and Signor Ronconi has so little voice left that he may be said to live upon the strength of his admirable comedy, just as certain physical subjects may exist for years by breathing through a single lung, we ought to be glad of such a ready and eager Frenchman. Besides, the alternative would be Signor Graziani; and *aut Faure aut Graziani* is a question which would not take long to resolve. It was a great disappointment, indeed, not to see M. Faure in the part which has earned him his most recent laurels. About his Nelusko there is but one opinion, and the policy of Mr. Gye in recurring to the grotesque piece of pantomime offered by the Nelusko of Signor Graziani, when the original Nelusko, the Nelusko of Meyerbeer's own choice, was in the theatre, baffles comprehension.

In other respects, although again the familiar voice of Signor

Tamberlik was unheard; although Madlle. Carlotta Patti, who was to have played some of the parts ultimately confided to Madame Sherrington, Madlle. Fanny Deconei, stranger, *contralto*, and (ominous affix) "pupil of Madame Viardot," and Herr Schmid, the German bass (with whom last year to be disposed was an exception rather than a rule) while announced in the prospectus, were non-forthcoming; although we missed Herr Wachtel, Stentor among Teutonic tenors, the Berlin Vasco of Meyerbeer's choice; although Madlle. Maria Battu, snatched from us by that omnivorous *Africaine*, was not restored to us, with her companions, Signor Naudin and M. Faure; and although neither Madame Vandenheuvel Duprez nor Madame Galetti, who both made a fair impression last year, came back to have that impression confirmed, the company was wonderfully strong and attractive. Madlle. Adelina Patti and Madlle. Pauline Lucca again divided between them the admiration of the *habitués*; the votaries of legitimate art, of consummate singing, and of consummate acting being unanimously with the former, the admirers of the *laissez-aller* style, united to pretty petulant eccentricity, with the latter. Each earned fresh bays with new characters—Madlle. Patti with Caterina, in *L'Etoile du Nord*, Madlle. Lucca (whose success in the *Favorita* was questionable) with Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*; each, too, essayed another part of which we shall elsewhere speak. About the operas belonging to the established repertory in which these ladies appeared we need not say another word, having already, in previous articles, well-nigh exhausted the topic. And, indeed, what is there new to say about the *Barbiere*, *Lucia*, *Don Giovanni*, *L'Elisir*, *La Sonnambula*, in which Madlle. Patti took part, or about the *Africaine*, the *Huguenots*, or *Faust e Margherita*, which fell to the share of Madlle. Lucca? Happy the managers in the possession of two such "shining stars," compared with whom, in the eyes of opera-goers, "the brothers of Helen" are as rushlights! With Madlles. Patti and Lucca have been variously associated Signor Mario, who, *ere perennis*, can only be regarded as a prodigy, who has withstood the shocks of Meyerbeer's music now for nearly twenty years, and still endures, the most chivalrous of Raouls, the most sublime of Prophets, and, *par dessus le marché*, the most intense and poetical of lovers (*Faust* to witness), and who yet, marvellous to tell, might apostrophize his voice as Boileau did his verse:—

Mais aujourd'hui, qu'enfin la vieillesse venue,

A jeté sur ma tête, avec ses doigts pesans,
Onze lustres complets, surchargés de trois ans,
Cesse de présumer dans vos folles pensées,
Ma voix (mes vers)—

Signor Ronconi, unique as a *buffo* in his own style, and a *tragicco*, too, when it falls in his way, who might also sing with Boileau:—

J'ai beau vous arrêter, ma remontrance est vaine,
Allez, partez, ma voix (mes vers)—

Signor Graziani, who, if "voice and nothing besides," needs nothing but his voice to serve him at a pinch; Signor Ciampi, to whom Sganarelle might have addressed the query, "*Seigneur, peut-on savoir ce qui vous met si fort en colère?*"—and others too numerous and too well known to mention. The popular works of the old repertory, thus supported, have by no means been the least attractive of the season.

In the way of novelty, the Covent Garden manager has been this year even less adventurous than usual. True, his prospectus did not hint at much—two operas new to the theatre and a revival of a classic masterpiece comprising the sum total; but only an instalment of the promised little has been realized. One of the new operas was *Don Sebastiano*—"held by Continental critics" (says Mr. Gye) "to be, of its class," the "grandest and most perfect work" of Donizetti. We have always heard *Don Sebastien de Portugal* reckoned by "Continental," as by insular critics, who happen to be acquainted with it, as the dullest; but dullest or "grandest and most perfect" matters little, seeing that it did not put in an appearance. The "classic revival" was to be *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with the additional attraction of Madlle. Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca in the parts of Susanna and Cherubino. At the eleventh hour, however, the name of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was substituted for that of Madlle. Patti, and for some reason unexplained the production of Mozart's opera was deferred until the very last moment, so that, the season terminating, only two representations could under any circumstances possibly take place. The other new opera (not quite unknown in England by the way, inasmuch as it was produced nine years ago at the St. James's Theatre) has been given. Whether such a bagatelle as *Crispino e la Comare* was at all worthy to form part of the repertory of a magnificent lyric establishment like the Royal Italian Opera, may be a question. The brothers Luigi and Frederico Ricci, our poor composers under any conditions, do not, like the sticks, become stronger by cohesion. Two nonentities do not make an entity; nor would twenty Riccis make a Rossini. The libretto of Signor F. M. Piave, however, the same ingenious gentleman who constructed an opera-book out of M. Hugo's *Ernani* for Signor Verdi, though aptly described by the author as a "*melodramma-fantastico-giocosso*," and as fantastic (if not dramatic) as possible, is harmlessly diverting; and it is even more to the humour of the situations, and to the inimitable acting of Signor Ronconi and Madlle. Patti, as the cobbler and his wife, than to the music, however lively, that the extraordinary effect created by the duet in the first, and the trio for basses in the last act, is due. One of our contemporaries is at great pains to inform us which piece

in the opera proceeds from Luigi, which from Frederico Ricci; but really any piece or pieces might be attributed to either without serious offence to the other. If Luigi be really so much the greater of the two, he can descend to as close a resemblance of Frederico as Jupiter of Amphitryon in the play; and for our part we find them well matched. *Crispino e la Comare* is little better than a musical farce, the music being just so much superior to the music of M. Offenbach as, though by no means technically unobjectionable, it is less technically impure. Let us, nevertheless, credit Jupiter with the trio which night after night won an "encore" for two solos and a triumph for the three performers, Signors Ronconi, Ciampi, and Capponi—a triumph richly merited by the first, by no means unmerited by the third, and merited not at all by the second, who confounds barking with singing, and extravagant gesticulation with humour, but who is applauded in this trio none the less. The opera is worth seeing on account of Signor Ronconi, who, if it be true that "a physician is nothing else than a satisfaction to the mind,"* fulfils that condition to the letter in his embodiment of the cobbler-doctor. Signor Ronconi, besides being one of the first of dramatic humourists, is, even in his most grotesque assumptions, natural—always *terre filius*. And then he is associated with the most gracefully natural of lyric actresses, that piquant *terre filia* Madlle. Patti, whose Annetta is in every way as good as his Crispino, and who by her various impersonations strikingly exemplifies the apophthegm, "*Tout ce qui n'est comme nous sommes n'est rien qui vaille*," applied by Montaigne to another argument, but in a certain sense universally applicable to dramatic art. The duet and dance between these two admirable performers is alone worth an evening with the brothers Ricci, and would redeem a much worse opera than *Crispino e la Comare*.

We cannot unreservedly compliment Mr. Gye on his revival of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Without stopping to grumble at the substitution of Madame Sherrington for Madlle. Patti in Susanna, and Signor Ciampi for Signor Ronconi in Bartolo, it may be stated generally that the cast, in every instance but two, might have been better. The exceptions are the Countess of Madlle. Desirée Artot, a performance at once elegant and artistic, and the Cherubino of Madlle. Pauline Lucca, than which, although musically by no means perfect, anything more original and lively has not for a long time been witnessed. The Count in the hands of Signor Graziani is deprived of all force of individuality—a mere lay figure, in short; nor does Signor Graziani atone for histrionic insignificance by entering with anything approaching heartiness into the spirit of the music. As a counterpart to this, M. Faure's Figaro is not Figaro at all, but a walking gentleman dressed up in the costume which tradition assigns to the most famous of stage-barbers. Perhaps in no other character has this gentleman's want of dramatic perception been so conspicuous; and as he sings the music for the most part well, it is the more to be regretted. Madame Sherrington's Susanna, a mere clever commonplace, calls for no particular remark; there is nothing particular to urge against it, and nothing particular to say in its favour. But such wonderful music—the best, perhaps, of Mozart's dramatic music, or at all events not inferior to *Don Giovanni*—with such an orchestra, under the control of such a conductor as Mr. Costa, to take part in it, must always be welcome. Even averting the eyes from the stage during the performance, it would be a luxury alone to hear it—so great a luxury that not a bar can be spared, and it is impossible to regard altogether with indifference certain curtainments (especially those in the *finale* to the third act, the scene of the wedding festival), which are not merely unnecessary, but undecidable. The revival of *Figaro*, however, was a worthy climax to the season; and for its sake alone the lovers of Mozart, which is equivalent to saying the lovers of music, would willingly pardon Mr. Gye for the non-production of several works distinctly promised in his prospectus—such as *Dinorah*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *I Puritani*, in which Madlle. Patti was to have appeared, *Robert le Diable*, in which Madlle. Vilda was to have played Alice and Madlle. Carlotta Patti Isabel—and even *Don Sebastiano*, "of its class the grandest and most perfect work" of Donizetti.

REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN POLITICS.†

MR. GRANT DUFF, member for the Elgin Boroughs, has for some years devoted to the study of Continental affairs an amount of attention very rare even among the most highly educated Englishmen engaged in political life. From time to time he has embodied the fruits of his observations and researches in essays contributed to different periodicals, and seven of these essays he has now collected into a volume. It is easy to find fault with such essays, to say that they should contain more or less, that they do not tell us everything we should like to know, that they give us too much information in proportion to their length. But the fair way is to take the volume as a whole, and to ask what its value is: and we have no hesitation in saying that there is no work in the English language which has anything like the same value to persons who wish to understand the recent

* Petronius.

† *Studies in European Politics*. By Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, Member for the Elgin District of Burghs. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1866.

history and present position of the countries described in it. It stands entirely by itself as a contribution to English knowledge of the Continent, and gives the reader exactly what he wants to know in order to be able to understand the current politics of Spain, Russia, Austria, Prussia, the German Diet, Holland, and Belgium. It is throughout written in a clear, agreeable style, and in a fair, moderate, and impartial spirit. The author, of course, has his own point of view, and praise or blame is given according to the opinions of an English Liberal who is not half a Liberal, and who is as ready to write what he thinks on theology as on politics. But there is not a word of bitterness or of rhetorical denunciation bestowed on politicians or theologians to whom the author is opposed. No pains have been spared to get full and accurate information, and Mr. Grant Duff thoroughly understands that what gives us in England the best idea of foreign politics is to be told not so much of things as of persons. He gives short biographies of all the most eminent men in the country of which he is speaking, and his book is not only very pleasant and instructive to read, but it is in a high degree valuable as a book of reference. Its possessor can in a moment put his hand on a biography of Count Bismark, or M. Schmerling, or Deak, or the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The volume would have been far more complete if it had included essays on France and Italy; but we all of us know something of the recent history of those countries, whereas not only is every Englishman, with undiscoverable exceptions, ignorant of the recent political history of Belgium and Spain, but if he wished to remove his ignorance he would find himself absolutely powerless to do so unless he would consent first to procure, and then to study, a vast number of books in different foreign languages. In the pages of Mr. Grant Duff he will find his want supplied, and two or three hours spent over this volume will tell him more than he could find out for himself in a month. Mr. Grant Duff has not only read up the dreary voluminous literature from which the desired information is to be collected, but he has personally visited and lived in the countries he describes, and has mixed with that society which in every country has much to tell a traveller that books can never give him.

At this moment, those who take up the volume will naturally first turn to that portion of it which treats of Germany, and fortunately this portion of the volume is the best. A writer who treats of Austria, of Prussia, and of the minor German States in essays of fifty pages each must of course chiefly occupy himself with one section of a great subject, and everything depends on the choice he makes. Mr. Grant Duff gives a history of Austria from 1809, and a history of Prussia under the present King. In Austria we are obliged to know what has been going on there for fifty years in order to understand what is going on there now. The new order of things in Austria is the break-up of the old order of things. It is the failure of that system which was invented and fixed by the Emperor Francis and Prince Metternich—the system which, as Mr. Grant Duff says, “was venerated by the ultra-Tories of every land, and most venerated where least understood,” a system that was not reactionary so much as inactionary, an organization of do-nothing. And the Emperor Francis was a very great master of this art, and as splendid a cultivator of laborious idleness as ever lived. “He worked in his later days with the assiduity of a labouring *employé*, but this was only because he had discovered that public as well as private affairs have their trifling side.” This system of inaction was exchanged for one of active repression after the revolution of 1848, and the defeat of the Hungarians; and when the course of events made simple repression at last seem hopeless, the experiment was tried, under M. Schmerling, of a sort of constitutional government for the whole Empire. This, again, failed. The Hungarians would have nothing to do with the new form of the Reichsrath, and the Reichsrath itself did no good to any one. There was nothing like constitutional government even in the German and Germanized provinces which accepted heartily the scheme of the Reichsrath. “Trade,” says Mr. Grant Duff, “was still in fetters, the transgressions of the press were punished by long and cruel imprisonments, no right of association for political purposes could even be dreamt of, and societies formed for non-political purposes were always in danger of being suppressed if they strayed at all too near the charmed boundary.” This must be borne in mind when the present position of Austria is being contemplated. Foreigners freely praise the Emperor for his readiness to institute constitutional government, and think it very hard on him that he should be baffled and humiliated by a country where, as in Prussia, despotism was triumphant. Certainly, so far as he may have had good intentions, he deserves credit for them; but, as a matter of fact, he never did institute anything like constitutional government. The Government of Berlin at its worst under the present King was far better, the press was more free, the general liberty of discussion allowed far greater, than anything known at Vienna under the present Emperor. That the old order of things in Austria will not do is clear, but no one yet knows what will do. No settlement of Hungary that can be called satisfactory has even been suggested, and Mr. Grant Duff only speaks the opinions of all who are acquainted with the facts when he asks, “What is the idea of an Austria whose centre shall be Pesth, and which shall extend all down the Danube valley, but a pleasant dream?” The events of the present war have not tended to make this dream more like a reality; and with regard to the war, Mr. Grant Duff, who wrote before hostilities were commenced, ought to have credit for a prophecy which gives us confidence in the soundness of his judgment on Continental

matters. “Whatever may be the strength of their armies,” he says, “Prussia is a natural, Austria is an artificial, body. It seems to us, in the necessity of things, that the German and Venetian questions must be eventually settled in accordance with the views of Berlin and Florence.”

We have heard so much lately of Count Bismark and his quarrels with Prussian Liberals that we will not follow Mr. Grant Duff into his sketch of Prussia; but the account of the Germanic Diet is well worth studying. There is no Germanic Diet now, but the small States of Germany still exist, although that perhaps is as much as can be said for them. There are two parts of Mr. Grant Duff's essay to which we invite the attention of our readers. The first is a brief account of almost all of the small States, giving in a few rapid sentences the main facts that it is important to know of each. Let us take, as an example, the account of Waldeck, which is small enough, as it is only about three times the size of the Isle of Wight, but it has its own little ways of going on:—

This small country has given in very recent years three names to Germany, without which her contemporary annals would be much poorer. These are Rauch the sculptor, Kaulbach the painter, and Bunsen, to whom not Prussia only, but also England, owes so much. Since 1848 the system of government in every department has been remodelled, and although great questions—such as one about the price of firewood—sometimes shake it to its centre, and call forth the sternest patriotic resistance in its Parliament of fifteen members, it must be pronounced to be one of the best-governed portions of the Fatherland; and it will be a happy day for the Prussians when they enjoy *la liberté comme en Waldeck*. It appears, indeed, to suffer under no evils except those which are necessarily incidental to so tiny a State—viz. a superabundance of public functionaries and a superfluity of public establishments—the former badly paid, and the latter poorly kept up. Then there is, of course, an absence of all object for ambition—a want of many institutions for which large means are indispensable, and a relaxed, sleepy mode of life. What we say of the evils of Waldeck holds equally true of all the German States below those of the second rank, if indeed we might not include those of the second rank also.

This does not tell us very much perhaps about Waldeck, but if we want to know anything about Waldeck, which for argument's sake it may be assumed we do, what more can we want to know about it than this? And when we think of what has lately taken place in Hanover, and of the behaviour there of the King and of the people, we gain such little light as we want from the following concise sketch of its recent history:—

The Hanoverian Government has adhered with but too much persistence to the evil course which was given to its politics by our own notorious Duke of Cumberland. Obligated to yield for a time to popular demands in 1842, it felt itself strong enough to make a long step backward in 1855; and although the King is not personally unpopular, his advisers have rarely shared his good fortune. In 1862 the attempt to substitute a catechism strongly tinged with neo-Lutheran views, in the place of the comparatively reasonable one which had been in use for some seventy years, brought about disturbances which might easily have taken a serious turn; and it is characteristic of the state of chronic opposition in which the bulk of the population lives, that the idea of the *National Verein* should have been first developed in the brain of the leader of the Liberal party in Hanover, M. von Bennigsen.

Then, again, Mr. Grant Duff gives an elaborate account of the different schemes that in recent years have been proposed for the reconstruction of the Bund; and although Bismark and his needle-gun have a little altered the plans of most Germans, yet the different projects for what was once thought best by various sections of the German nation may do something even now to show what is possible and probable. All the plans which have been suggested have been really modifications of three ideas. The largest and the most imposing was the union in one confederation, like the Swiss Confederation, of all really German lands. This is the *Gross-deutsche Idée*, “far the most striking, most poetical, and least political of all.” Prussia could never consent to it, and could never have consented to it even before her recent successes; and the South and the North of Germany are too far divided by religious and social differences to unite easily into a permanent whole. Secondly, there are, or were, plans founded on the so-called *Trias Idée*, contemplating the reform of the Confederation by raising up a third Power out of the middle States to balance Austria and Prussia. The objection to this was, in theory, that no artificial arrangement could make the little States equal to either of the big ones; and now the objection in practice is overwhelming, for the small States have utterly collapsed, and Prussia has played with these States like a cat with mice. Last and least poetical, but most practical in the well-grounded opinion of Mr. Grant Duff, is the humbler *Klein-deutsche Idée*, which contemplates a union of the North around Prussia. “Nothing of the sort,” our author goes on to say, “could now be brought about except by force, and Prussia has nothing like the force necessary to bring it about.” Here events have proved the prophecy wrong. But as he himself truly says, “If a war breaks out between Prussia and Austria, no information exists anywhere to enable the acutest statesman to guess when and how such a war would end.” A political writer cannot pretend to say what will be the result of wars and battles. All that he can do is to try to find out what solution of existing difficulties is the best, the most natural, and the most likely to be lasting, if it could be brought about; and this Mr. Grant Duff has done most successfully.

The essays which will attract the smallest number of readers are probably those on Spain and Holland. This is the fault not so much of the writer as of the countries described. In treating of Spain, Mr. Grant Duff gives an account of the innumerable Ministries that have succeeded each other since the Queen began her dubious career. In treating of Holland, he gives an account of the various shades of Dutch theology. In both sketches we have

a multitude of names, and a long list of tiny party differences, as to which we cannot care very much, and which it is next to impossible to remember. But the most marked feature of recent Spanish history is this succession of Ministries and of various revolutionary chiefs. That it is always putting down or failing to put down a revolution is the special characteristic of the Spanish Government, coupled with the peculiarity that revolutions there make, and are meant to make, no difference even when successful. They are merely the modes in which new Cabinets come into office. In the same way, Mr. Grant Duff is right, we will take for granted, in treating the existence of these shades of theological opinion as the special characteristic of Holland and of Dutch society. Theology goes on, it appears, in Holland much as it does in England, except that a clergyman who sets himself to inquire is not hooted at there as he is here; and although there is, accordingly, much more inquiry there than in England, yet, if Mr. Grant Duff is right, things go on very well in the religious world of Holland. Otherwise, the leading theologians there seem to have their counterparts among us. One of the most eminent, for example, is M. Groen, who "believes that Christianity and the anti-revolutionary principle are identical, and who is a Protestant Christian, not of the nineteenth, but of the sixteenth century." We can match him here if any Dutchman likes to come over and look for his parallel. In fact, he appears to be more of an exception in Holland than he would be here; and there is evidently a depth and width of learning, a boldness of speech, and a fervour of practical charity in Holland which command the warmest respect. An essay on Belgium closes the volume, and no part of the book is better worth reading. "The two old enemies, priestcraft and free thought, must remain in the cockpit of Europe and fight it fairly out." And Mr. Grant Duff hopes that he may "call the attention of some who have hitherto only thought of Belgium as an uninteresting little secondary State to the fact that this great battle is being there fought out with ever-deepening earnestness." It is not his fault if the attention of those who read his essay is not called to this most interesting struggle. The whole story of the fight between the ecclesiastical and the secular parties on the subject of State education is given with much clearness and liveliness; and the result was most creditable to Belgium, owing to the moderating influence of the late King, and to the common sense of the nation. Such a monarchy and such a nation deserve to be maintained. Fair as Mr. Grant Duff invariably is, he is not without strong and unmistakable opinions when the occasion calls for them. On a point which finds some Englishmen hesitating, he writes in the following unhesitating manner:—

The neutrality of Belgium, to be good for anything, must be an armed and powerful neutrality, sufficient to prevent the guaranteeing Powers being tempted to accept the subjugation of Belgium as an accomplished fact. The personal individual interest of England in the independence of Belgium may easily be over-rated. We doubt whether the interest of whatever is good in France in the independence of Belgium can possibly be over-rated. Of course a time may come when France is perfectly different from what it is now; when Chauvinism is as dead as Druidism; when the revolutionary period has fairly come to an end, and Belgium and France are separated not by a huge political chasm, but by a mere imaginary line. The politician has, however, little to do with such far-off speculations. For the present, and for any time to which we can look forward, it is of essential importance to the weal of France herself, that Belgium should go on working out her own problem in her own way.

M. Dechamps' pamphlet, and the newspaper discussions to which it gave rise, did no good. They roused the slumbering spirit of the annexationist party in France; they excited uneasiness in the minds of many Belgians who, only desiring to be let alone, would have nevertheless, if they saw annexation coming, desired to set their house in order and make the best of it; and they gave occasion to persons on both sides of the Channel to misrepresent the policy of England by declaring that we should "abandon" Belgium as we "abandoned" Denmark. Let our English critics and foreign detractors take comfort. The very men in the House of Commons who would have strained every nerve to throw out the Government which they had supported for years, if it had dared to take one more step in favour of Denmark, and whose intended defection, intimated to Lord Palmerston at a critical moment, did much to prevent that crowning folly, would be the first to urge armed intervention in favour of Belgium, if she were at present threatened.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS.*

IT is mere waste of time, and shows a curiously mistaken conception of human character, to blame an artist of any kind for working at a certain set of subjects rather than at some other set which the critic may happen to prefer. An artist, at all events an artist of such power and individuality as Mr. Swinburne, works as his character compels him. If the character of his genius drives him pretty exclusively in the direction of libidinous song, we may be very sorry, but it is of no use to advise him and to preach to him. What comes of discoursing to a fiery tropical flower of the pleasant fragrance of the rose or the fruitfulness of the fig-tree? Mr. Swinburne is much too stoutly bent on taking his own course to pay any attention to critical monitions as to the duty of the poet, or any warnings of the worse than barrenness of the field in which he has chosen to labour. He is so firmly and avowedly fixed in an attitude of revolt against the current notions of decency and dignity and social duty that to beg of him to become a little more decent, to fly a little less persistently and gleefully to the animal side of human nature, is simply to beg him to be something different from Mr. Swinburne. It is a kind of protest which his whole position makes it impossible for him

to receive with anything but laughter and contempt. A rebel of his calibre is not to be brought to a better mind by solemn little sermons on the loyalty which a man owes to virtue. His warmest prayer to the gods is that they should

Come down and redeem us from virtue.

His warmest hope for men is that they should change

The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice.

It is of no use, therefore, to scold Mr. Swinburne for grovelling down among the nameless shameless abominations which inspire him with such frenzied delight. They excite his imagination to its most vigorous efforts, they seem to him the themes most proper for poetic treatment, and they suggest ideas which, in his opinion, it is highly to be wished that English men and women should brood upon and make their own. He finds that these fleshly things are his strong part, so he sticks to them. Is it wonderful that he should? And at all events he deserves credit for the audacious courage with which he has revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a schoolboy over the dirtiest passages in Lemprière. It is not every poet who would ask us all to go hear him tuning his lyre in a sty. It is not everybody who would care to let the world know that he found the most delicious food for poetic reflection in the practices of the great island of the *Ægean*, in the habits of Messalina, of Faustina, of Pasiphaë. Yet these make up Mr. Swinburne's version of the dreams of fair women, and he would scorn to throw any veil over pictures which kindle, as these do, all the fires of his imagination in their intensest heat and glow. It is not merely "the noble, the nude, the antique" which he strives to reproduce. If he were a rebel against the fat-headed Philistines and poor-blooded Puritans who insist that all poetry should be such as may be wisely placed in the hands of girls of eighteen, and is fit for the use of Sunday schools, he would have all wise and enlarged readers on his side. But there is an enormous difference between an attempt to revivify among us the grand old pagan conceptions of Joy, and an attempt to glorify all the bestial delights that the subtleness of Greek depravity was able to contrive. It is a good thing to vindicate passion, and the strong and large and rightful pleasures of sense, against the narrow and inhuman tyranny of shrivelled anchorites. It is a very bad and silly thing to try to set up the pleasures of sense in the seat of the reason they have dethroned. And no language is too strong to condemn the mixed vileness and childishness of depicting the spurious passion of a putrescent imagination, the unnamed lusts of sated wantons, as if they were the crown of character and their enjoyment the great glory of human life. The only comfort about the present volume is that such a piece as "Anactoria" will be unintelligible to a great many people, and so will the fevered folly of "Hermaphroditus," as well as much else that is nameless and abominable. Perhaps if Mr. Swinburne can a second and a third time find a respectable publisher willing to issue a volume of the same stamp, crammed with pieces which many a professional vendor of filthy prints might blush to sell if he only knew what they meant, English readers will gradually acquire a truly delightful familiarity with these unspeakable foulnesses; and a lover will be able to present to his mistress a copy of Mr. Swinburne's latest verses with a happy confidence that she will have no difficulty in seeing the point of every allusion to Sappho or the pleasing Hermaphroditus, or the embodiment of anything else that is loathsome and horrible. It will be very charming to hear a drawing-room discussion on such verses as these, for example:—

Stray breaths of Sapphic song that blew
Through Mitylene
Shook the fierce quivering blood in you
By night, Faustine.
The shameless nameless love that makes
Hell's iron gin
Shut on you like a trap that breaks
The soul, Faustine.
And when your veins were void and dead,
What ghosts unclean
Swarmed round the straitened barren bed
That hid Faustine?
What sterile growths of sexless root
Or epine?
What flower of kisses without fruit
Of love, Faustine?

We should be sorry to be guilty of anything so offensive to Mr. Swinburne as we are quite sure an appeal to the morality of all the wisest and best men would be. The passionate votary of the goddess whom he hails as "Daughter of Death and Priapus" has got too high for this. But it may be presumed that common sense is not too insulting a standard by which to measure the worth and place of his new volume. Starting from this sufficiently modest point, we may ask him whether there is really nothing in women worth singing about except "quivering flanks" and "splendid supple thighs," "hot sweet throats" and "hotter hands than fire," and their blood as "hot wan wine of love"? Is purity to be expunged from the catalogue of desirable qualities? Does a poet show respect to his own genius by gloating, as Mr. Swinburne does, page after page and poem after poem, upon a single subject, and that subject kept steadily in a single light? Are we to believe that having exhausted hot lustfulness, and wearied the reader with a luscious and nauseating iteration of the

* Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: E. Moxon & Co. 1866.

same fervid scenes and fervid ideas, he has got to the end of his tether? Has he nothing more to say, no further poetic task but to go on again and again about

The white wealth of thy body made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise.

And to invite new Felises to

Kiss me once hard, as though a flame
Lay on my lips and made them fire.

Mr. Swinburne's most fanatical admirers must long for something newer than a thousand times repeated talk of

Stinging lips wherein the hot sweet brine
That Love was born of burns and foams like wine.

And

Hands that sting like fire,

and of all those women,

Swift and white,
And subtly warm and half perverse,
And sweet like sharp soft fruit to bite,
And like a snake's love lithe and fierce.

This stinging and biting, all these "lithe lascivious regrets," all this talk of snakes and fire, of blood and wine and brine, of perfumes and poisons and ashes, grows sickly and oppressive on the senses. Every picture is hot and garish with this excess of flaming violent colour. Consider the following two stanzas:—

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced bosom
Drips reddening round the blood-red blossom.
The slow delicious bright soft blood;
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,
Bathing the blossom by the bud.

Roses whose lips the flame has deadened
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened
And warm wet inner petals weep;
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure
Barren of balm and purple pleasure
Fumes with no native steam of sleep.

Or these, from the verses to Dolores, so admirable for their sustained power and their music, if hateful on other grounds:—

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain?

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten
Till the foam has a savour of blood;
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee respond from thine altars,
Our Lady of Pain.

Thy skin changes country and colour,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes,
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
With the blood of their bodies grown red?

It was too rashly said, when *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared, that Mr. Swinburne had drunk deep at the springs of Greek poetry, and had profoundly conceived and assimilated the divine spirit of Greek art. *Chastelard* was enough to show that this had been very premature. But the new volume shows with still greater plainness how far removed Mr. Swinburne's tone of mind is from that of the Greek poets. Their most remarkable distinction is their scrupulous moderation and sobriety in colour. Mr. Swinburne riots in the profusion of colour of the most garish and heated kind. He is like a composer who should fill his orchestra with trumpets, or a painter who should exclude every colour but a blaring red, and a green as of sour fruit. There are not twenty stanzas in the whole book which have the faintest tincture of soberness. We are in the midst of fire and serpents, wine and ashes, blood and foam, and a hundred lurid horrors. Unsparring use of the most violent colours and the most intoxicated ideas and images is Mr. Swinburne's prime characteristic. Fascinated as everybody must be by the music of his verse, it is doubtful whether part of the effect may not be traced to something like a trick of words and letters, to which he resorts in season and out of season with a persistency that any sense of artistic moderation must have stayed. The Greek poets in their most impetuous moods never allowed themselves to be carried on by the swing of words, instead of by the steady, though buoyant, flow of thoughts. Mr. Swinburne's hunting of letters, his hunting of the same word, to death is cease-

less. We shall have occasion by and by to quote a long passage in which several lines will be found to illustrate this. Then, again, there is something of a trick in such turns as these:—

Came flushed from the full-flushed wave.
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep dim soul of a star.
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour and flame.

There are few pages in the volume where we do not find conceits of this stamp doing duty for thoughts. The Greeks did not wholly disdain them, but they never allowed them to count for more than they were worth. Let anybody who compares Mr. Swinburne to the Greeks read his ode to "Our Lady of Pain," and then read the well-known scene in the *Antigone* between Antigone and the Chorus, beginning *ἵπoc ἀνικατὸ πάχoc*, or any of the famous choruses in the *Agamemnon*, or an ode of Pindar. In the height of all their passion there is an infinite soberness of which Mr. Swinburne has not a conception.

Yet, in spite of its atrocities, the present volume gives new examples of Mr. Swinburne's forcible and vigorous imagination. The "Hymn to Proserpine" on the proclamation of the Christian faith in Rome, full as it is of much that many persons may dislike, contains passages of rare vigour:—

All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past;
When beyond the extreme sea-wall and between the remote sea-gates
Waste water washes and tall ships founder and deep death waits,
Where mighty with deepening sides, clad about with the seas as
with wings,
And impelled of invisible tides and fulfilled of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed and serpentine-curved,
Rolls under the whitening wind of the future the wave of the world.
The depths stand naked in sunder behind it, the storms flee away;
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and snared as a prey;
In its sides is the north-wind bound; and its salt is of all men's tears;
With light of ruin, and sound of changes and pulse of years;
With travail of day after day, and with trouble of hour upon hour;
And bitter as blood is the spray; and the crests are as fangs that
devour;
And its vapour and storm of its steam as the sighing of spirits to be;
And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its depth as the roots of
the sea;
And the height of its heads as the utmost stars of the air;
And the ends of the earth at the might thereof tremble, and time is
made bare.

The variety and rapidity and sustentation, the revelling in power, are not more remarkable here than in many other passages, though even here it is not variety and rapidity of thought. The anapest to which Mr. Swinburne so habitually resorts is the only foot that suffices for his never-staying impetuosity. In the "Song in Time of Revolution" he employs it appropriately, and with a sweeping force as of the elements:—

The heart of the rulers is sick, and the high priest covers his head;
For this is the song of the quick that is heard in the ears of the dead.
The poor and the halt and the blind are keen and mighty and fleet;
Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the sound of the noise of
their feet.

There are, too, sweet and picturesque lines scattered in the midst of this red fire which the poet tosses to and fro about his verses. Most of the poems, in his wearisomely iterated phrase, are meant "to sting the senses like wine," but to some stray pictures one may apply his own exquisite phrases on certain of Victor Hugo's songs, which, he says,

Fell more soft than dew or snow by night,
Or wailed as in some flooded cave
Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave.

For instance, there is a perfect delicacy and beauty in four lines of the hendecasyllables—a metre that is familiar in the Latin line often found on clocks and sundials, *Hora nam pereunt et inputantur*:—

When low light was upon the windy reaches,
When the flower of foam was blown, a lily
Dropt among the sonorous fruitless furrows
And green fields of the sea that make no pasture.

Nothing can be more simple and exquisite than

For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we gaze for a span.

Or than this:—

In deep wet ways by grey old gardens
Fed with sharp spring the sweet fruit hardens;
They know not what fruits wane or grow:
Red summer burns to the utmost ember;
They know not, neither can remember,
The old years and flowers they used to know.

Or again:—

With stars and sea-winds for her raiment
Night sinks on the sea.

Up to a certain point, one of the deepest and most really poetical pieces is that called the "Sundew." A couple of verses may be quoted to illustrate the graver side of the poet's mind:—

The deep scent of the heather burns
About it; breathless though it be,
Bow down and worship; more than we
Is the least flower whose life returns,
Least weed renaissant in the sea.

You call it sundew: how it grows,
If with its colour it have truth,
If life taste sweet to it, if death
Pain its soft petal, no man knows:
Man has no right or sense that saith.

There is no finer effect of poetry than to recall to the minds of men the bounds that have been set to the scope of their sight and sense, to inspire their imaginations with a vivid consciousness of the size and the wonders and the strange remote companionship of the world of force and growth and form outside of man. "*Qui se considérera de la sorte*," said Pascal, "*s'effraiera, sans doute, de se voir comme suspendu dans la masse que la nature lui a donnée entre ces deux abîmes de l'infini et du néant*." And there are two ways in which a man can treat this affright that seizes his fellows as they catch interrupted glimpses of their position. He can transfigure their baseness of fear into true poetic awe, which shall underlie their lives as a lasting record of solemn rapture. Or else he can jeer and mock at them, like an unclean fiery imp from the pit. Mr. Swinburne does not at all events treat the lot of mankind in the former spirit. In his best mood, he can only brood over "the exceeding weight of God's intolerable scorn, not to be borne"; he can only ask of us, "O fools and blind, what seek ye there high up in the air," or "Will ye beat always at the Gate, Ye fools of fate." If he is not in his best mood he is in his worst—a mood of schoolboy lustfulness. The bottomless pit encompasses us on one side, and stews and bagnios on the other. He is either the vindictive and scornful apostle of a crushing iron-shod despair, or else he is the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs. Not all the fervour of his imagination, the beauty of his melody, the splendour of many phrases and pictures, can blind us to the absence of judgment and reason, the reckless contempt for anything like a balance, and the audacious counterfeiting of strong and noble passion by mad intoxicated sensuality. The lurid clouds of lust or of fiery despair and defiance never lift to let us see the pure and peaceful and bounteous kindly aspects of the great landscape of human life. Of enlarged meditation, the note of the highest poetry, there is not a trace, and there are too many signs that Mr. Swinburne is without any faculty in that direction. Never have such bountifulness of imagination, such mastery of the music of verse, been yoked with such thinness of contemplation and such poverty of genuinely impassioned thought.

BOPP'S COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR.*

A FRENCH translation of Bopp's *Comparative Grammar* will be welcomed in England almost as much as in France. There is indeed an English translation, but it is a translation of the first edition, while M. Michel Bréal gives us the second and final edition of Bopp's classical work. It is curious that in France it should have taken more than thirty years before the want of such a translation was felt. The first part of Bopp's *Comparative Grammar* was published in 1833, and the first volume of M. Bréal's translation appears in 1866. Yet during all that time the comparative study of languages, to which Bopp's work had given so powerful an impulse, was by no means neglected in France. In 1819 J. L. Burnouf gave an abstract of the principal results of comparative philology, as far as they influence or ought to influence the study of Greek, in the sixth edition of his *Méthode pour étudier la Langue Grecque*, a book which has been for many years the received grammar in all the schools and colleges of France. No one has made such brilliant use of the principles of this new science, no one has worked out some of its problems with greater accuracy and minuteness than his son, Eugène Burnouf. His *Commentaire sur le Yajna* shows him throughout a perfect master of the subject, on many points even in advance of Bopp. His interpretation of the grammatical forms of the sacred language of the Zendavesta proved, in fact, better than anything else, the soundness of Bopp's theories by the success of their practical application, and his decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions was only possible with the tools placed in his hands by Bopp and his rising school. Nor was Burnouf the only prophet of the new science in France. At the present moment it is represented in the Institute by Régnier, Renan, Littré, and it counts among its successful cultivators, such men as Eichhoff, Oppert, Baudry, Michel Bréal, and others. Yet there was hitherto no book in French which might be placed in the hands of beginners, or might be appealed to as an authority by classical scholars. M. Bréal has therefore rendered a real service to his countrymen, and to all who read French with greater facility than German, by undertaking at last a translation of Bopp's work. Though it comes late, it is the work of all others that serves, and will serve for some time to come, as the best introduction to the study of comparative philology. No one can form a correct idea of the character of this new science, no one can appreciate its method or test its merits, without reading and digesting the three volumes in which Professor Bopp has successively analysed the phonetic system, the radical elements, and the grammatical forms of Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, the Teutonic and Slavonic languages.

M. Michel Bréal, who is acting at present as Professor of Comparative Grammar at the Collège de France, possessed all the useful qualifications for translating Bopp's work. He evidently knows German thoroughly, and not the slightest nuance of that somewhat capricious language escapes him. But more than a knowledge of German was wanted in a translator of Bopp's *Comparative Grammar*. M. Bréal had proved himself, by several of his essays, not only a sound Greek and Latin scholar, but a suc-

cessful student of Sanskrit and Zend. He evidently possesses, what is more valuable than anything else, a grammatical conscience; and he is not the man to translate a single line of Bopp, or to repeat any one of the examples taken from Sanskrit, Zend, Armenian, or Gothic, without independent verification. It was an act of self-denial on his part to sacrifice so much of his time that might have been employed in original research, to the translating even of such a master-work; and Professor Bopp may congratulate himself on having found a translator who has certainly spoiled nothing, nay who seems to us in several places to have improved the style of the original. Taking German writers as they are, Bopp may be said to write a clear and simple style. Yet one has only to try to translate his German literally into French, or into English, in order to see how much of slipshod reasoning is tolerated in German which in French would be intolerable. By turning a phrase differently, by cutting long sentences into two or three, by repeating a few words, or adding a conjunction here and there, M. Bréal has frequently rendered Bopp's arguments more distinct, more powerful and convincing; and we have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending this translation even to those who are able to read Bopp's work in the original.

M. Bréal has given, in the introduction to his translation, not only a lucid explanation of the objects which Bopp had in view, and of the method which he adopted in his linguistic researches; but he has traced the history of the new science of language back to Bopp's earliest essays, nay, to the works of others who preceded him in the same field. Comparative grammar may be said to date from the discovery of Sanskrit, for as soon as Sanskrit became known to scholars acquainted with Greek and Latin, the similarity between the grammatical systems of these languages could not escape their observation. It is usual to ascribe to Sir W. Jones and Halhed the first enunciation of the fact that the grammar of Sanskrit is the same as that of Greek, Latin, German, and Slavonic. But M. Bréal is perfectly justified in claiming for his countrymen the credit of having pointed out the same fact at least fifty years before Sir W. Jones. Although Sanskrit had been studied by missionaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that the attention of European scholars was roused to the fact that India possessed a literature of great extent and antiquity. The French Jesuits whom Louis XIV. sent to India after the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, kept up a literary correspondence with members of the French Institute. Questions were addressed to them by members of that learned body, and their answers were printed either in the *Memoirs of the Academy* or in the *Lettres édifiantes*. Thus the Père Calmette, in a letter dated Venetia, in the kingdom of Ormuz, the 24th of January, 1733, informs us that by that time the Jesuits had missionaries who were not only well grounded in Sanskrit, but able to read some portions of the Veda. They were forming an Oriental library from which, he says, they were beginning to derive great aid for the advancement of religion. They drew from the arsenal of Paganism the weapons which wounded the Brahmins most deeply. They possessed their philosophy, their theology, and particularly the four Vedas which contain the law of the Brahmins, and which the Indians from time immemorial regard as their sacred books, as books of an irrefragable authority, and as coming from God himself:—

From the time that missionaries first went to India [he continues] it has always been thought to be impossible to find this book which is so much respected by the Indians. And indeed we should never have succeeded, if we had not had Brahmins, who are Christians, hidden among them. For how would they have communicated this book to Europeans, and particularly to the enemies of their religion, as they do not communicate it even to the Indians, except to those of their own caste! . . . The most extraordinary part is that those who are the depositaries of the Veda do not understand its meaning, for the Veda is written in a very ancient language, and the *Samavedantam* (Sanskrit), which is as familiar to their learned men as Latin is to us, is not sufficient without the help of a commentary to explain the thoughts as well as the words of the Veda. They call it the *Mahebhakam*, or the Great Commentary. Those who are given to the study of these books form the first class among their learned men. While the other Brahmins salute, these alone give a blessing. . . . Since the Veda is in our hands, we have extracted from it texts which serve to convince the Brahmins themselves of those fundamental truths that must destroy idolatry; for the unity of God, the qualities of the true God, and a state of blessedness and condemnation, are all in the Veda. But the truths which are to be found in this book are only scattered there like grains of gold in a heap of sand.

A few years later, the Père Pons drew up a comprehensive account of the literary treasures of the Brahmins, and his report, dated Karikal, November 24, 1740, and addressed to Du Halde, excited a general interest when it appeared in the *Lettres édifiantes*. In the year 1763 the Abbé Barthélemy had asked the Père Cœurdoux to send him before everything a grammar of the Sanskrit language. There were Sanskrit MSS. in the Royal Library of Paris, and, with the help of a grammar and dictionary, the scholars at Paris flattered themselves they should be able to decipher those curious documents. The Père Cœurdoux, in his answer to the Abbé Barthélemy, dated 1767, pointed out first of all that there was in the Royal Library a Sanskrit grammar written in Latin, and a copy of a Sanskrit dictionary, the *Amarakosha*; and, after having answered other questions on the literature and religion of India, he requests the Abbé to lay before the French Academy a memoir with the following title:—"Question proposée à M. l'abbé Barthélemy et aux autres membres de l'Académie de Belles-lettres et Inscriptions: 'D'où vient que dans la langue samavedante il se trouve un grand nombre de mots qui lui sont communs avec le latin et le grec, et surtout avec le latin?'" The Jesuit missionary first gives his facts, some of which are very

* *Grammaire Comparée des Langues Indo-européennes, comprenant le Sanscrit, le Zend, l'Arménien, le Grec, le Latin, le Lithuanien, l'ancien Slave, le Gothique et l'Allemand*. Par M. François Bopp, traduite par M. Michel Bréal. Paris: Imprimerie Impériale. 1866.

interesting. He compares, for instance, *deva* and *deus*, god; *mṛtyu* and *mors*, death; *janitām* and *genitum*, produced; *jānu* and *genu*, knee; *vidhāvā*—from *vi*, without, *dhava*, man—with *vidua*, widow; *na* and *non*, not; *madhya* and *medius*, middle; *dattam* and *datum*, given; *dānam* and *donum*, gift; and many more which have since been pointed out afresh by later scholars. Some of his comparisons no doubt are untenable, but on the whole they are correct. His grammatical comparisons, in particular, are very creditable. He compares the indicative and subjunctive of the auxiliary verb in Sanskrit and Latin:—

asmi, sum.	syām, sim.
asi, es.	syās, sis.
asti, est.	syāt, sit.
smas, sumus.	syāma, simus.
stha, estis.	syāta, sitis.
santi, sunt.	santu, sint.

Among the pronouns he compares *aham* and *ego*, *me* and *me*, *mahyam* and *mihi*, *sva* and *suis*, *tvam* and *tu*, *tubhyam* and *tibi*, *kas* and *quis*, *ke* and *qui*, *kam* and *quem*, &c. He likewise exhibits the striking similarities in the Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin numerals, from one to one hundred. But, not satisfied with this, he goes on to examine the different hypotheses that suggest themselves for explaining these facts, and after showing that neither commerce nor literary intercourse nor proselytism nor conquest could account for the common stock of words in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, he sums up in favour of viewing these common words as relics of the primitive language of mankind, preserved by different tribes in their migrations north and south, subsequent to the great catastrophe of the confusion of tongues at Babel.

Considering that this was written a hundred years ago, it is astounding that it should have attracted so little attention, and should in fact never have been quoted until M. Michel Bréal dissented it from the Memoirs of the French Academy, and vindicated for this modest missionary the credit that certainly belongs to him, of having anticipated some of the most important results of comparative philology by at least fifty years. We cannot agree with M. Bréal that the principal blame for the neglect with which the discovery of the Père Cœurdoux was treated attaches to Anquetil Duperron, to whom the Abbé Barthélemy handed over this remarkable essay. M. Bréal says that the translator of the Zendavesta had no taste for purely grammatical speculations, and that comparisons like those proposed by le Père Cœurdoux provoked in him uncontrollable distrust. Although it is true that Anquetil Duperron cared more for history than for language, yet it is but fair to state that he fully perceived the historical bearing of the linguistic facts placed before him by the missionary:—

I can only tell you [he writes], my reverend father, that your views on this subject seem to me ingenious, just on several points, and supported by happy illustrations. In general, I believe, with you, that some resemblances do not prove a loan of words, and that several words common to languages that are spoken in countries far apart from each other may well have come from a primitive language, which was the mother of all. Words not essential to a language may be borrowed, but those which belong to the framework of a language, as the verb to be, the pronouns father, mother, &c., cannot be borrowed.

This exonerates Anquetil Duperron from the charge brought against him of having been blind to the evidence placed before him and the other members of the Academy by le Père Cœurdoux, though it leaves the case otherwise as stated by M. Bréal. Nor would it be fair to spoil M. Bréal's satisfaction at having secured for France the glory of the first initiative in the science of language, did we not feel convinced that M. Bréal himself, more than anybody else, would be interested to hear that, as early as the sixteenth century, an Italian of considerable eminence among the literary men of his time, Filippo Sassetti, had made nearly the same discovery. He lived at Goa during the years 1581-88, and in one of his letters, which have been lately published at Florence, he writes that "the sciences of the Indians are all written in one language, which is called *Sanscruta*":—

This [he says] means a well articulated language. . . . The people learn it as we learn Greek and Latin, and it takes them six or seven years before they master it. No one knows when that language was spoken, but it has many words in common with the spoken vernaculars, nay with Italian, particularly in the numerals, 6, 7, 8, and 9, in the names for God, serpent, and many others.

He finishes by saying, "I ought to have come here at eighteen, in order to return with some knowledge of these beautiful things"—*con qualche cognizione di queste bellissime cose*.

These anticipations of some of the results of the science of language must not be supposed to detract from the originality of Bopp's researches. Bopp's object was not to prove the common origin of the Aryan languages. He starts from this as an incontrovertible fact. The object which he had in view, and which was carried out partly by himself, partly by his school, was threefold. First, he had to confront in their completeness the grammatical paradigms of the principal languages of the Aryan family. This is the stock in trade of comparative grammar, and it may be comprised in a few sheets. Tabular lists of the principal forms of declension and conjugation in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, are all that is wanted. These lists being supplied, the next step is to explain the differences that exist between the terminations in these cognate languages. This has to be done by carefully collecting all cases where there can be no doubt that one consonant or vowel in one language is represented by another consonant or vowel in another. Thus we have only to compare the terminations of the first person plural in Sanskrit and Greek, *mas* and *men*, in order to see that a final *s* in Sanskrit may be represented in Greek by a final

n. A comparison of the terminations of the neuter in Sanskrit and Greek, *am* and *on*, shows that in Greek a final *n* may take the place of a final *m* in Sanskrit. To the former rule there are many exceptions, which have to be carefully noted, while the latter rule is general, except in cases where the final *n* in Greek has undergone further changes. By extending these observations to as large a field as possible, phonetic rules have been established, some of them of general application, others restricted to certain languages and dialects. These rules form the foundation of comparative grammar. Bopp was the first to point out the necessities of such rules in order to break the wild spirit of random etymology. Others have followed in his track, have added new rules, modified some of Bopp's observations, and explained apparent exceptions. But here a great deal still remains to be done, and it will require the labours of many painstaking scholars before our collection of phonetic rules can reach that completeness which would enable us in every case to say with absolute certainty that such and such changes are justifiable, while others are without a single parallel. Lastly, there is in Bopp's *Comparative Grammar* the first attempt at explaining the origin of terminations. If it is once admitted that the syllables which change a nominative into an accusative, or an active into a passive verb, are not the result of an artificial agreement, still less of a natural growth, nothing remains but to treat grammatical terminations as independent words, which by constant use become welded with the word they were intended to modify. It is easy to see, for instance, that the termination of the comparative, in Greek *τερος*, and in Sanskrit *tara*, is derived from the root *tar*, to transcend, from which the Latin *trans*, and even the English *through*, are derived. *Πλεοντερος*, sweeter, means originally more than sweet, transcending what is sweet. The same analysis has to be applied to the whole system of grammatical terminations, and though it can hardly be expected that all should yield to the tests that can now be applied to them, yet the results obtained by Bopp, with all their shortcomings, are sufficient to establish the general principle, so strongly advocated by Horne Tooke, that there is nothing in language which had not originally a meaning. In carrying out this minute grammatical analysis Bopp has derived great help from the labours of Greek and Latin grammarians, still more from the great work on German grammar by Grimm; but, most of all, from the native grammarians of India. It is curious, as M. Bréal remarks, that Bopp should have said so little about the great debt of gratitude which he owes to Pāṇini, and that, on the contrary, he should have repeatedly found fault with this ancient master of grammatical art where there was no occasion for it. M. Bréal shows that Bopp owes to Pāṇini the systematic classification of letters according to the organ of the vocal apparatus, the names of Guna and Viddhi, the list of suffixes, the distinction between root and base. He might have added that the important discovery of the heavy and light terminations of verbs, and of the strong and weak cases of nouns, was likewise made by Pāṇini more than two thousand years ago, and that his explanation of the different weight of grammatical terminations by a reference to the laws of accentuation is more rational than any that has been proposed by modern scholars.

M. Bréal's translation, as he points out himself, is published just fifty years after the publication of Bopp's first essay on Comparative Philology, *Über das Conjugationssystem der Sanskritsprache* (Frankfort, 1816). At Berlin, the fiftieth anniversary of this little book, the small seed that has since grown into a mighty tree, has been celebrated by deputies from almost every University, and a scholarship of comparative philology has been founded by liberal contributions from every country of Europe. If Germany is not so rich now in great scholars as she was in the beginning of this century, she knows at least how to honour her heroes. May Professor Bopp, who is seventy-five years of age, be spared for many years to enjoy his well-earned honours.

THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.*

WORK which has been done painstakingly deserves at all times the respect of recognition. Even if the result is failure, the fault does not lie in the author's want of honest endeavour, but in his defective taste, which, as with sins committed in ignorance, relaxes the severity of moral responsibility, and makes a man to be pitied rather than condemned. We are always sorry when we see time and thought and labour thrown away upon unpleasant or insufficient objects; yet if an artist gives years to paint a group of toadstools, or to sculpture a hunchback, though his patient labour has been in itself a virtue, and the cause most likely of many other virtues in him, the result is unpleasant all the same, care in producing ugliness not being able to transform that ugliness into beauty. So, in a work like this of Mr. Fitzgerald's, there is no haste, no slovenliness, no slurring, no scamping; from the first page to the last all is careful, neat, and elaborate; but the end is not worthy of the means, the story does not deserve the amount of pains taken with it. At the best, it is but a group of cleverly painted toadstools, with perhaps a sprig or two of more wholesome moss or less perishable ivy thrown in just to redeem it from absolute unworthiness of subject. It is one of those unfortunate composite stories, too, of which both style and structure are disjointed and out of keeping. It is meant to be tragic, and yet it is not tragic; and it is meant to be natural and

* *The Second Mrs. Tillotson. A Story.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., Author of "Bella Donna," "Never Forgotten," "Jenny Bell," &c. Reprinted from "All the Year Round." London: Tinsley Brothers.

domestic, and at the same time an anatomical exposition of inner motives, and a careful study of character, and it is only commonplace and confused, as all expositions of character must be unless done with real mastery. Tragedy can be reached by two ways—the sublime and terrible, or the simple and pathetic; but by these two ways only. The mixing up of crime and commonplace does not give it; and mistakes of action, springing from foolish tempers rather than from depth of passion or nobleness warped from its greater intent, produce irritation in the mind of the reader, and not pity. Make Othello a peevish, suspicious, narrowhearted *petit maître*, and the murder of Desdemona would be a vulgar crime, tragic only in its issue to the poor victim; take from Mrs. Inchbald's famous story its quiet simplicity of situation, and load it with attempted complications, and it would be a mere squabble, in which both parties would deserve an equal amount of reprehension. But this is one of the fundamental mistakes in the *Second Mrs. Tillotson*. In attempting to do too much Mr. Fitzgerald has weakened his central situation, and, by overcrowding incidents, motives, and expositions, he has very nearly stifled the life out of his story altogether. Had it been pitched in the minor key throughout, and Mr. Tillotson's crime and atonement been the *motif* of the book more absolutely than now, there would have been more harmony and homogeneity; but, as it is, the interest is too scattered and diffused to be satisfactory, and one misses that breadth of outline, that solidity and largeness of backbone, so to speak, which a story must have to be successful as an artistic creation. This is partly owing to the necessities of serial publication. *All the Year Round* cannot afford a large space for its running story; and as every week's issue must have a point, the result is that, reversing the law of the parts being subordinate to the whole, the whole is sacrificed to the parts, and the story comes out finally a mere series of points and broken lights in the attempt to make each individual section of equal interest and importance. It is a manner of publication by no means favourable to a novel as a whole; destroying, as it does, all those broad quiet tracts which are so valuable to both author and reader, and substituting a feverish fidgetty activity, a restlessness of action and movement, which may be all very well when read week by week, but which are utterly wearisome when encountered at one sitting and *en masse*.

Mr. Fitzgerald has not managed his secret specially well, and Ada's connection with it is not made clear enough. It was a good idea to make the murderer of the father beloved by and married to the daughter—she ignorant of his crime, he of her birth; but there ought to have been certain small prophetic touches which would have indicated the direction of interest. The author should not have waited until the very last before he showed the connecting links, and then have tumbled all his secrets out of the net of mystery in a bunch together. Perhaps our best weaver of a plot dependent on a secret is Mr. Wilkie Collins; but his art consists in the skill with which he suggests, yet conceals, the mystery, holding it always before the eyes of his readers, and never for an instant leaving it out of sight; until the end comes cunningly revealing the heart of the tangle, by which the whole shakes itself clear through a kind of logical self-demonstration, like one of those wooden puzzles which depend simply upon one central bolt. Mr. Fitzgerald's secret has nothing of this neatly welded intricacy, and, for all the vital influence that it has on the story, need not have existed at all. The partner in it, Charles Eastwood, is dragged in just at the last, and a little too much by the head and shoulders; which, as it is a very ugly head and shoulders, was a piece of troublesome workmanship that might have been spared. Moreover, Ada Millwood and Mr. Tillotson would have been just as silly in their conduct to each other, and would have committed just as absurd mistakes of judgment and common sense, had there been no history of foregone crime for the tag.

Again, another misfortune to the book is the intense mannerism of the style—a style that suggests a close study of Charles Reade and George Meredith, and which is jerky and spasmodic, and with a curious want of continuity. Then the repetition of types is remarkable. Ada Millwood, for instance, is certainly twin sister to Violet in *Never Forgotten*; and the "little girl," the first Mrs. Tillotson, is singularly like Mrs. Fermor in the same novel; and both, we are bound to confess, are as tiresome as their predecessors. As for Ada, she is so seraphic, so ethereal, so saintly, that we only hope, for the sake of a sinful and earthly humanity, no such creature ever lived beyond the limits of a poet's imagination; she floats so often that at last she gives one a sense of sea-sickness, and the golden hair becomes as intolerable as if it was a nest of Medusa's snakes. If it would only change its colour a little, or if Mr. Fitzgerald would but be merciful and let us forget for just a chapter or two that it is golden, and leave us to fancy that it is flaming red or colourless flaxen instead! But he is positively ferocious about that unlucky hair, and drags it into the sunlight and the lamplight, and the shadow and the gloom, with a persistency that makes one wish the second Mrs. Tillotson wore a wig, or else was honestly bald. She is a poor boneless creature from first to last—angelic to the most exasperating degree; and to strong-minded women of middle age would most certainly suggest the expediency of a wholesome course of plain needlework. And if, as Mr. Fitzgerald says—and he has the best right to know—she did love Ross and not Mr. Tillotson, when she married the latter, she was an artful little coquette in spite of her angelhood, and Mrs. Tilney and "the girls" were in the right to be disgusted with her. Mrs. Tilney and the girls again are reproductions of Lady Laura Fermor and her daughters in the previous novel referred to. Mr. Tilney is Major Carter,

with a difference; and Grainger is first cousin to Romaine, Mrs. Fermor's adorer. Ross is a mistake altogether, and the idea of Ada's loving such a brutal madman is preposterous. He has not a single redeeming quality; and in all the psychological anatomy aimed at in this novel there is no attempt made to show any gradual deterioration in him by reason of disappointment and, as he might think it, injustice. He is a brute at the beginning, and he is a brute at the end, and no man living would have suffered him for half an hour in his house, especially where there were ladies. And certainly no girl like Ada Millwood could have loved him. The most liberal interpretation of the theory of compensations would not lead to that as a possible condition. Evidently the author's favourite character is Captain Diamond, meant to be of my uncle Toby's school. But the author's favourite is seldom the reader's, and Captain Diamond, who is a living and delightful entity to Mr. Fitzgerald, is neither so living nor so delightful to any one else. Mr. Tilney is a far better character. The jovial and unconscious hypocrisy of the man—but hypocrisy is too harsh a term for it, we would rather say his spiritual pretences—is delicious; and the way in which he mixes up ideas and jumbles together quotations is charming. Also the serio-comic fight with hard times that he sustains, his frantic attempts at keeping his head above water at St. Alan's, and the blow that comes down upon his airy schemes and crushes them and himself together, are nearer akin to tragedy, of a sort, than all Mr. Tillotson's foolish suspicions and Ada's more foolish willfulness. We laugh at the old schemer; but we pity, and in a manner admire, him all the same. He is a man in whom Thackeray would have delighted, and whom he would have understood and drawn to the life, giving a running commentary of genial excuse for all the old sinner's shiftiness and shabbiness and hollowiness, and showing how he and his angled with lackered baits for golden fishes not too eager to bite. He is an excellently drawn character. Kindhearted, and by no means dishonest by nature, yet to what pitiful straits is he driven by the adverse winds of poverty and ill-luck and marriageable daughters heavy on hand! His generous adoption of Ada, and his sly pilfering of her little fortune, are in thorough keeping with this loose and kindly nature; his half-snobbish, half-affectionate devotion to the memory of the Dook, and his piety, partly simulated, partly sincere, his frank tuft-hunting, and his natural benevolence, are extremely well given. If all the characters had been equal in spirited drawing to this of Mr. Tilney, Mr. Fitzgerald would have written a first-class book, and the critic's business would have been one of unqualified praise only.

There is a curious repetition in this story which may be meant as a suggestion of Nemesis. It is in the matter of Mrs. Tillotson's two wives. His first wife loves him and he does not love her, but he is minded to do his duty and to make her happy and content; but she, being a fool, grows jealous of the past, and makes shipwreck of everything, for no reason that we can see beyond showing the illimitable extent of a jealous woman's folly. The second Mrs. Tillotson is the exact reverse of the first in the turn of the circumstances, but the circumstances themselves are repeated. He loves her, and she does not love him; yet she, too, is minded to make him happy, and to do her duty tenderly. This time his jealousy of the past turns the tide, and, helped by her own egregious folly and rather questionable manner of proceeding, the matrimonial shipwreck comes finally and once for all, and misunderstandings, tempers, sulks, harshness, and all the wretched round of estrangement set things so far wrong that at last nothing but death can set them right. As for the first Mrs. Tillotson, she is a poor provoking creature, doomed from the beginning; a "little girl" with a cough and an obstinate temper, hectic cheeks and a head full of fancies, cannot come to any good, for even novelists are bound by the laws of their own creations. But it does seem a needless piece of cruelty to torture that wretched little woman merely for a reduplication of evil-doing. She acts like a maniac in her suspicions, and wilfully destroys her own happiness; Mr. Tillotson acts like a maniac in his, and repeats the process of destruction—both having a certain basis for their suspicions, which a little outspokening would have set in its proper light, and both going over very much the same ground. Mr. Fitzgerald likes this kind of ethical repetition; and, used sparingly, and as a quite natural consequence of different circumstances, it would be a powerful engine in the hands of a good novel-writer. But it must be used sparingly, and the circumstances must be quite unstrained, and totally different from those going before. Else it becomes a wearisome echo, and the reader begins to suspect, in this recurrence, poverty, and not design—invention run dry, and not a moral purpose in full activity. This touches the heart of Mr. Fitzgerald's shortcomings as a novelist. He has not a fertile invention, and he does repeat his situations from poverty, and not from any deep-lying ethical motive. Had he a brighter imagination he would set forth his meaning under different forms, and not be content with the same pattern repeated twice in one book; he would embroider with a richer tracery, and a wider range of colour and scrollwork.

QUINET'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

(Second Notice.)

THE arms which the King had first used against the States-General were those of Court etiquette. When these had broken in his hands, the fact that they had been the weapons of his choice

* *La Révolution*. Par Edgar Quinet. La Croix, Verboeckhoven et C^{ie}. 1865.

showed how powerless Louis XVI. was thenceforward to be. Almost immediately after the sitting of the Tennis Court it became clear that the obstructive force of royalty was impotent against the determination of the Constituent Assembly. A politic despot of the nineteenth century, as M. Quinet remarks, might perhaps have saved his throne by putting himself ostensibly at the head of the constitutional movement, while trusting to the chances of a future moment to regather the reins of absolute power into his hands, under some other form, by a happy *coup d'état*. Louis XVI. was at once too honestly well-meaning and too destitute of political experience to play such a game. Nor had the noblesse in the States-General shown themselves competent to take any such position as might have placed the lead naturally in their hands. They spoke and acted, says M. Quinet, not as a great patrician class asserting its nobility, but as mere courtiers pleading for an absent client, Royalty. There was no instance among them of the lofty language and statesmanlike, if narrow, thought by which a Duke of St. Simon might perhaps have influenced even the Third Estate. After the 4th of August, the contemptuous indifference shown by the nation to the sacrifices of privilege which they had helped to heap so profusely upon the altar of national reform, alarmed and disconcerted them at the probabilities of the future. From that test they inferred the impossibility of reconciling their own social existence with the revolutionary spirit, and every step which they took after that date made any such reconciliation more impossible. When once hatred had succeeded to despair, and emigration had begun as the overt result of hatred—when the royal office and person had once suffered insult by being carried from Versailles to Paris, at the pleasure of a mob before which the Assembly was as powerless as the King, into a bondage which nothing could break but aid from without—all hope of a peaceful and gradual rearrangement of the governing machine was gone. The false position of the King and Queen was irredeemable from the moment when Louis XVI., a captive in the Tuileries, laughed ironically in the face of Lafayette as he asked for His Majesty's orders. How, asks M. Quinet, could the nation in whose name these insults were perpetrated expect to be forgiven, and by main force attempt to keep the insulted prince upon the throne? It was madness or ignorance not to allow or force him to abdicate and go his way:—

Comme si de pareilles injures pouvaient être effacées jamais! Comme si l'irruption dans le château, la foule ameutée sous le balcon, et les lentes stations à Versailles à Paris, et ces menaces et ces affreuses caresses, et cette entrée funèbre dans les Tuileries, et cette solitude, cet abandon, et ces têtes coupées pour avant-garde de la royauté captive, comme si ces spectacles et ce long supplice des yeux et de l'âme pouvaient être oubliés! Comme s'il appartenait à une constitution écrite d'abolir la nature humaine! Comme si les rois et les reines n'avaient point de mémoire des offenses, et qu'ils n'eussent ni yeux ni oreilles pour voir ce qui les touche!

Un oubli si complet de la nature humaine ne peut s'expliquer que par le manque absolu d'expérience de la vie publique.

The same fatality of popular blindness which condemned Louis XVI. to live in the Tuileries as the hostage of an impracticable constitution sharpened afterwards the ill-advised sagacity of those who penetrated his disguise during the flight to Varennes. The return from Varennes shut up the last escape from the necessity to commit the most prominent crime in the series of revolutionary horrors, in default of the political foresight of some Prince of Orange in charge of the French Revolution. A destined successor would have recognised the policy of leaving all exits open to the royal fugitive, even if they led direct to the camp of an invading army. But in 1791 no such successor was yet designated, and no single head or hand could restrain or convince the nation. The one master-spirit that the Revolution had as yet produced was then gone with Mirabeau, to be replaced by nothing of higher calibre than the gigantic audacity of Danton. When every fresh judicial or extrajudicial massacre was so sure soon to call for another to supplement or avenge it, it is not easy to divine how much of the national demoralization would have been spared had the King succeeded in escaping to Bouillé, and the royalist and national parties ranged themselves at once round the two opposing banners in open civil war. As soon as the face of the Korff Berline was again turned Parisward, poor Louis XVI. was doomed to do nothing, if not to plot against his sovereign subjects, until his head should be flung as a gage of battle at the feet of the coalized kings.

The whole scope of M. Quinet's eloquent and thoughtful work is the investigation of the causes which concurred to make the French Revolution what it was—a terrible miscarriage of a noble conflict for a great idea. In addition to the blind and suicidal temporizing with the monarchy which the nation had practically annihilated, he points out one source of its weakness and inconsequence which has hitherto been passed over lightly. No depth of religious feeling, no freedom of religious thought, no strong moral conviction of a reformed creed that was worth fighting or dying for, lay at the bottom of any single movement, or at the heart of any single party, through the whole of the revolutionary struggle. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had stamped out, by dragonnade and noyade and conversion and exile, whatever sturdiness of Protestantism France contained when Louis XIV. came to the throne. The scepticism of negative irony which had grown up instead in the age of Voltaire, and which in the case of Voltaire himself was not incompatible with the orthodox performance of ceremonial observances, transmitted to Voltaire's successors a power of undermining but not of reconstruction. The gospel of which Rousseau was the evangelist attempted to combine the assertion of philosophical

liberty of thought with the doctrine that expediency made it imperatively right to conform to the teaching and practice of the established Roman Catholic Church. The argument that good men are good men under any form of faith was carried to the extreme conclusion that all faiths are equally good for good men. Had the temper of Luther or Calvin been of this order, the reformed churches of Christendom would never have existed. The men of the Revolution, while destroying the arbitrary power of the temporal monarch, had not the courage to attack the principle of Papal supremacy. Neither Mirabeau, nor the Encyclopedists, nor Camille Desmoulins, urged the necessity of Church reform or attempted to loosen the hold of clerical domination over the people. As the Revolution went on, it developed, says M. Quinet, the unfortunate talent of unchaining against itself the hatred of every form of religion, and yet it had never laid serious hands upon any. The Protestant spirit, the reformer's courage, had been killed throughout France in the previous century. Breaking loose from all other traditions of the past, the French Revolution did not dare to break loose from a single dogmatic formula of mediæval doctrine. The mere avowal of the principle of religious liberty had raised up no hindrance to the re-establishment of the old spiritual despotism as a new Concordat was signed. For want of clearheadedness and sincerity in the wish to be mentally as well as politically free, France was destined to maintain neither sort of freedom. M. Quinet points over and over again to this and analogous instances of the weak and tentative spirit of the revolutionist leaders, as annulling whatever good had been gained by the profuse sacrifices made in a cause to which their devotion was genuine and unbounded. "Souvent il arriva ainsi que, faute d'une vue assurée, ne sachant pas précisément ce qu'on voulait, on employa des forces immenses pour ne produire aucun effet. Cela devait user bien vite la Révolution." These last words of M. Quinet's are the key-note of his whole history. The reformatory zeal of the masses, first used with swiftness and success in the destruction of the Bastille, was neither husbanded nor exercised, but mispent and wasted in blind and contradictory struggles, till in lassitude and apathy the Revolution succumbed to the unscrupulous and energetic will of the strong man who set before himself a single and definite object. The Jacobin Club itself was royalist in June 1792, while Robespierre was still indignantly demanding what was meant by a Republic. Three months later the Republic was proclaimed; so entirely were the movers in the game taken by surprise with the swift apparition of the logical consequences of their own deeds.

Another element in the national temper which aided to produce some of the singular and terrible puzzles of the Revolution is frequently pointed out by M. Quinet, and especially as illustrated in the conduct of the population of Paris during the September massacres. With the sternest intention to be free, it is yet difficult for any people to forget at a moment's notice the lesson it has learnt from despotism during many hundred years. If nearly a million of men looked on in stony-hearted indifference while a mere handful of assassins were slaughtering right and left in the name of the Commune of Paris, it was partly from the rabid panic caused by Brunswick's threats of invasion, but mainly because the slaughter was committed in the name of the Commune. The authority which had sprung up like a mushroom on the 10th of August, to dethrone the Assembly and rivet more strongly the chains of the King, was an authority, and an unscrupulous one. "Laissez passer la justice du roi" was a password which had drowned any cry for help against the most palpably unjust use of arbitrary power in the streets of Paris through centuries. The King's justice had given place to the justice of the Commune, but the servile instinct to refrain from meddling with the administrative severities of the executive of the hour was still paramount among the panic-struck citizens, although that executive took its sole title from themselves:—

L'ancien homme reparait avec l'ancienne crainte de l'officiel. On n'allait pas du premier coup jusqu'à l'assentiment, il est vrai; mais les cœurs devenaient de pierre et l'on suspendait son jugement. Bourgeois, ouvriers, peuple, se tenaient cois dans leurs maisons, attendant, comme leurs ancêtres, que la justice de la commune eût passé.

This is a striking and probably true explanation of the temper of the Parisians; but it does not touch the conduct of the Legislative Assembly and the Ministers, who still were the constituted authorities of the realm. It does not explain the blind weakness of those who were responsible for the order of the new-born France, and who could shut their eyes for four days to the perpetration of such enormities, and profess to believe that France was still in the path of progress towards perfect and happy freedom. The river of blood which, as M. Quinet forcibly puts it, welled from the September massacres between the consciences of the Girondins and the Mountain, never ceased, and never could cease, to flow till the Revolution had devoured the greatest of her children. Through the various phases of terror and reaction, the people continued to look on with stonier and stonier apathy, or even with a feeling of relief, as if the head of each former favourite, as it rolled in the dust, was the symbol of deliverance from one terror more.

M. Quinet proves, with perhaps superfluous elaboration, that Napoleon was selfish, false, unscrupulous, and mean on and before the 18th Brumaire, and that his justification of the *coup d'état* by which he climbed to a dictatorship was based on fraudulent exaggerations of the perils of the hour. He does not prove that any permanent and coherent government better suited to the hour could have been substituted for the despotism of Napoleon. There

was no possible end for the Revolution but to be conquered by a power from without which should have the appearance of a power arising from within. The military growth of France between 1790 and 1799 had placed in the hands of the greatest proconsul of the Republic a weapon which every glorious campaign rendered stronger and more flexible—military loyalty. The armies—which under Dumouriez were rude mobs of peasantry, ready to die for the idea of their country—had, through the influence of discipline and victory under the guidance of a master-hand, come to idealize nothing but their general, and the qualities of which he was the personification. While the mad whirlpool of revolutionary Paris had done little but suck into its depths life after life, to cast out again corpse after corpse on the pestilent shore, the armies of the Revolution had given France a history apart from the barren horrors of her capital, and formed a hierarchy within which the bravest man could work his way to the front. Sooner or later a time was sure to come when the army would know itself to be the only growth of revolutionized France which had achieved coherent strength or rested upon a solid foundation. That army contained other great generals besides Napoleon, and honest men among them. But in him it contained the one consummate genius who could identify himself at once with the glory of the instrument he used, and with the vague hopes and fears of the people upon whom he used it, and take the destinies of France and Europe into the hollow of his hand as a very little thing.

To analyse at all points such a work as M. Quinet's, in itself a continuous effort at historical analysis, is beyond the utmost elasticity of these columns. It is enough to call the attention of our readers to the singular eloquence, honesty, and depth of thought which characterize the latest historian of the great storm that thundered across Europe in the time of our fathers. A metaphor quoted by M. Quinet out of the mouth of a witness who stood in the midst of the storm is so picturesque and epigrammatic that we end with quoting it as a text for future sermons on the French Revolution:—

Trente ans après les événements dans lesquels il avait été témoin et acteur, on demandait à Cambon d'écrire des mémoires sur ce qu'il avait vu:—"Voici tout ce que je sais de la Révolution," répondit cet homme de tant de cœur et de sens. "On avait allumé un grand phare dans la Constituante; nous l'avons éteint dans la Législative. La nuit s'est faite, et, dans la Convention, nous avons tout tué, amis et ennemis." Puis il ajoutait:—"Après cela, le jour a reparu et le monde a vu clair dans nos œuvres."

Unfortunately, it was not sufficient that the beacon fire should be lighted, when the ship had lost her rudder, and the crew was mutinous and starving.

SIR OWEN FAIRFAX.*

LADY EMILY PONSONBY has set a useful example to all writers of "novels with a purpose," in placing the moral of her story by way of a motto on the title-page. If we are to have a sermon in the guise of a novel, it is quite as well to prepare us by announcing the text beforehand. The text in this instance is the well-known proverb, "Man proposes, God disposes"; and Lady Emily Ponsonby illustrates it upon what may be called the "mortification" principle—namely, that the more you want a thing the better you are without it, and therefore you shan't have it. Never perhaps (unless in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*) has so ill-used a set of characters been brought together in the compass of a single book as we meet in *Sir Owen Fairfax*. Disappointment is their natural element. They are always planning to do some particular thing, and always being providentially prevented. Of course their moral natures greatly benefit thereby. The crushed rose proverbially exhales the sweetest fragrance, and as all Lady Ponsonby's characters are more or less crushed roses, their combined sweetness is almost overpowering. We have not had the good fortune to meet with the *Discipline of Life*, by the same author, but if the discipline in question is anything like that inflicted on the unfortunate Sir Owen Fairfax, Lady Emily Ponsonby must be a very strict disciplinarian indeed. The book opens, with characteristic cheerfulness, with an obituary announcement:—"On the 4th instant, at Cadwallon Castle, Sir David Fairfax, aged 49, a great but repentant sinner." Sir Owen Fairfax is the only surviving son of the subject of this singular paragraph. At the time of his father's death he is sixteen years of age, with no relatives but his widowed mother and a discreditable uncle. The Fairfaxes are naturally a wild race, and Owen's father, like his uncle, has been no exception to the rule. Lady Fairfax is in constant fear lest her son should vindicate his pedigree by some unlucky outbreak, and therefore plots, in concert with her friend and adviser, Mr. Duke, to get him safely married. This being one of the instances in which "man proposes," Providence forthwith proceeds, in accordance with the moral of the story, to upset the arrangement. The young lady selected, Miss Millicent Stanley, is in every way unexceptionable; but Owen perversely falls in love with, and proposes to, Mary Percy, whose chief recommendations are her beauty and her daring riding to hounds. Lady Fairfax makes the best she can of her disappointment, and Owen and Mary are on the point of being married, when Providence again steps in. Mary Percy, attempting a rash leap, is thrown from her horse, and only escapes with life, to remain a maimed and helpless cripple. The projected marriage is of course at an end. Owen becomes nearly

mad under his disappointment, and rides a favourite horse to death in the recklessness of his despair; but Mary Percy endures her trial with unexpected fortitude, exhibiting under her affliction a patient resignation and subdued sweetness strangely in contrast with the careless worldly disposition which she had previously displayed. Lady Fairfax begins to plot again, but to no purpose. Owen visits Mary at intervals, but appears to be utterly indifferent to everything besides. Next, Mary herself turns match-maker; the intended bride in this case being Maud Percy, a niece of Mary's, much resembling what Mary herself had been previously to her accident. For once it almost seems as if Providence, as represented by Lady Ponsonby, was willing to let matters alone, for Owen and Maud are actually engaged. Such a state of things, however, being in accordance with human contrivance, is not to be expected to last; and accordingly a lover's quarrel puts an end to the engagement. After wearing the willow for a due season, Owen fulfils his mother's long-cherished hopes by unexpectedly proposing to Millicent Stanley. Here it will at once be anticipated that the story ends, and that the happy couple marry and live happily ever afterwards. By no means. It is a peculiarity of this book that no two of the characters are ever quite in the same mind at the same time, and an unexpected obstacle presents itself. Miss Stanley has the bad taste to prefer another person, Edgar Vyse, a young man who is nearly as much the victim of Providence as Sir Owen Fairfax himself. Edgar Vyse is an ardent aspirant for the office of the ministry, and absolutely boiling with enthusiasm for the work. Unfortunately, he is of so excitable and nervous a temperament that he is ignominiously plucked at every examination for which he enters, and no bishop can be found bold enough to take the responsibility of his ordination. We confess to a certain amount of sympathy with the bishops; but poor Edgar is much distressed at his rejection, and is a little disposed to find fault with Providence on this particular point. With an internal consciousness of his spiritual qualifications, he naturally feels it somewhat hard to be shut out from the sphere wherein he is certain that he is especially fitted to be a burning and a shining light. In any other respect Providence is welcome to do its worst; in a general way, Edgar rather enjoys disappointments, and takes a grim pleasure in deliberately blighting his heart's best affections. As a matter of discipline, he sets himself to conquer his affection for Millicent Stanley, and when he at last discovers that his attachment is reciprocated, it requires a strenuous united effort of the young lady and her father to persuade him that he is not doing wrong in accepting the realization of his dearest wishes. "Oh, Millicent! Is it for me, who have all my life long been preaching self-denial and sacrifices, and most honestly preached, and wished to practise too—is it for me to have money and comfort, and you besides? It maddens me!" Most people will be of opinion that a young man who could talk such rhapsodical balderdash to a young lady whom he sincerely loved, and whose father had just given him his consent to win her, required very little maddening.

We have no intention of following Sir Owen Fairfax and his friends through their three volumes of trials and disappointments. If the most trivial arrangement for the future is made in one chapter, we know beforehand that it will certainly be upset, by circumstances over which nobody has any control, in the next. We willingly acquit the authoress of intentional irreverence, but we cannot help thinking that she gives a strangely mean and unworthy interpretation of Divine Providence; and an interpretation, moreover, which all experience emphatically contradicts. Practically, we know that the least independent of mortals has a very large amount of free will for good or evil. We form our plans, and, generally speaking, we are permitted to execute them. Our deeds are our own, though their consequences, it is true, are in other hands. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"; but Lady Ponsonby's theory would deny us the power of rough-hewing them at all. To believe that each petty act or omission of our daily lives is the direct result of a volition of the Deity seems hardly less irreverent (to use no stronger term) than the belief, which once obtained among a certain class, of the immediate celestial origin of Mr. Huntingdon's leather breeches.

We notice throughout the book many traces of the influence of Miss Yonge. Lady Emily Ponsonby might easily have selected a worse exemplar, but she must be cautious lest she imitate the defects rather than the graces of her model. Miss Yonge has some rather peculiar views on the subject of moral discipline, self-government, &c.; and *Sir Owen Fairfax* is almost like an unconscious *reductio ad absurdum* of Miss Yonge's tenets. Sir Owen Fairfax is the "Heir of Redclyffe" with a difference. Each is descended from a long line of objectionable ancestors, and inherits with the family acres an unpleasant family temper. Both have a morbid dread of relapsing into the evil ways of their forefathers, and both, by constant striving, gain at length the coveted mastery over self. Here, however, the resemblance ends. Guy Morville's character is essentially strong, while that of Owen Fairfax is as essentially weak. Guy gains self-mastery by the victory of a strong will over strong passions; Owen is terrified into submission by the sense that his will is powerless if passion once gain the upper hand. Guy practises self-denial as a salutary discipline; Owen raves and rages under his disappointments, and only submits when submission is no longer a choice, but a necessity. If Guy receives an injury, he loves the offender all the better for it; but Owen, under similar circumstances, though he nominally forgives, never

* *Sir Owen Fairfax*. By the Lady Emily Ponsonby, Author of "*The Discipline of Life*," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.

quite forgets. There is a lofty manliness about Guy which is wholly wanting in Owen, though it must be confessed that the latter is by much the nearer of the two to the level of ordinary human nature. We read the *Heir of Redclyffe* as we should a fairy tale, and, feeling that the hero is only a beautiful ideal, we are prepared to see him triumphant in any number of tribulations, and retaining to the last his joyous spirit, his untarnished Christian chivalry. His very death is so thoroughly in character that even the most tender-hearted reader could not wish him to have lived. We feel throughout that he is a being of another world, and his translation, therefore, appears quite in the natural order of events. Owen Fairfax, though drawn with far less of life and power than Miss Yonge's hero, is much more like a flesh-and-blood mortal, and therefore we are not surprised to find that he breaks down considerably under the severe trials with which Lady Ponsonby has thought proper to afflict him. The author brings him out of the conflict, it is true, refined and elevated; but he is also a weary and disappointed man, with his energies weakened, and his capacity for happiness all but destroyed by the trials through which he has passed. If it were the common, or even a frequent, experience of average mortals to find, like Owen Fairfax, every source of happiness dry up at their approach, and the most innocent pleasures turn, like Dead Sea apples, to ashes in their grasp, some salutary lesson might perhaps be deduced from this book. Such, however, is by no means the ordinary experience. Though "God disposes," He quite as often dispenses happiness as misery, and the spectacle of an unfortunate young man doomed, for no fault of his own, to a succession of tremendous misfortunes, is simply painful, without subserving any useful end. Lady Ponsonby's is a morbid view of life, and her hero is about as fair a specimen of the fortunes of ordinary humanity as a consumptive man would be of ordinary health. Lady Ponsonby evidently possesses considerable literary talent, and if she could only prevail upon herself to look a little more upon the sunny side of life, might produce very readable stories. As it is, the only class of readers to whom we can conscientiously recommend *Sir Owen Fairfax* are those who may be in need of a refrigerant for inordinate cheerfulness. The first volume will be amply sufficient to check any unseemly exuberance of spirits, while the perusal of the second and third would depress Mark Tapley himself into a sadder if not a wiser man.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR EXAMINATION.*

WE mention this book, not because of its goodness (for it is certainly not good), nor yet because of its badness (for there are certainly many which are much worse), but because it is one of the portents of the age that such a book should be written at all. One has seen tables, analyses, and so forth, all the days of one's life; but a complete history of England, not of the smallest size, written avowedly for the purposes of cram, is something which is new to us. Mr. Lupton writes straightforwardly and without disguise. Like an honest man, he tells us what his profession is and what his objects are. His calling is that of an "Instructor of Candidates for the Civil Service, Army, and other Public Examinations." Observe the distinction. Mr. Lupton is not Professor, Lecturer, Reader, or Tutor in any subject; he is something quite different; he is an Instructor of Candidates for Examinations. The book is "expressly designed" to assist such candidates. It is not written to promote knowledge, still less to be read as a narrative; the object of the book is simply to get people through an examination; the examination once passed, it does not signify whether the matter of the book is forgotten or not. Now we have seen a good many books, including a good many historical books, which we have strongly suspected were written for this object, but we do not remember to have seen any in which the object was so unblushingly avowed, or where it was so clearly impressed on the style and method of the volume. Mr. Lupton "felt the want of a History containing all the information required by candidates for the various Examinations"; he therefore undertook the task of "compiling the present work, in which he trusts he has embodied all that can be required to pass with credit the most searching Examination." Of course there was another qualification equally indispensable, which we do not doubt that Mr. Lupton's experience as an instructor has enabled him fully to supply. A cram-book must of course contain all that is necessary to be crammed; but it is equally essential that it should contain nothing but what is necessary to be crammed. When the object is simply to pass an Examination, it is clearly as great a mistake to know too much as to know too little. Mr. Lupton, we have no doubt, has given his pupils exactly the right thing—that is, all the information required to pass these Examinations, and no more than that information. The interests of such an instructor, we must remember, differ altogether from the interests of an Examiner. It may often suit the purpose of an Examiner to put questions which the candidates are not likely to be able to answer, but it can never be the interest of an instructor of Mr. Lupton's class to teach his pupils anything but what they are likely to be asked. He must give them exactly what they want, and exactly in the form in which they want it. The thing

must be made, as far as possible, a matter of mere memory; the trouble of thinking must be spared as far as may be. If the information can be conveyed in exactly the shape in which it can be used in the Examination—that is, if the candidate can be provided with ready-made answers to all possible questions—the ideal of a work of this kind is reached. And it is clear that this is what Mr. Lupton is aiming at. His narrative, so far as it can be called a narrative, reads exactly like the papers of a passman. That is Mr. Lupton's standard, and we will say for him that he sticks to it, and seldom or never falls into the far worse besetting sin of the low classman. Grievous as are the papers of the passman, they are far less grievous than the papers of the man who aspires to a first and tumbles into a fourth. The passman is luckily, for the most part, either above or below fine writing; the other gives you smiles and metaphors and all the tropes of the art of rhetoric; he "begins" with this and "proceeds" to the other, as if he were putting together a sermon. Mr. Lupton is far too practical a man to indulge in any flights of this kind. His story fairly represents the answers of a decent passman, with about the allowance of blunders and misconceptions which might be endured in a decent passman. There is the same utter incapacity to grasp anything as a whole, and the same treasuring up of odd little details, exact sums of money for instance, which, except when they can be used to illustrate some point of political economy, both the Examiner and the first-class man have probably forgotten. There is the same occasional use of strong language—of epithets implying a familiarity which does not exist. The whole, only it is rather too long, looks very much as if the candidates were to learn it by heart, and to write down such parts of it as may prove needful when the Examination actually comes off. We have no doubt that great things may be done in this way. Some one may object that such a process would be a great deal harder than to get a real acquaintance with the subject in hand. So, before experience, anybody would think; but it is the undoubted fact that, to the ordinary candidate for Examination, the labour of thinking and understanding seems the hardest of all labours. Any amount of toil can be endured cheerfully, but to read, think, and understand—that is not to be thought of.

Mr. Lupton's book then, unimportant in itself, neither good enough nor bad enough for special remark, is important as illustrating a state of things. The author's profession and his book are the natural results of a state of things in which every man, according to his time of life, is either examining or being examined. Such being the case, we find no more fault with Mr. Lupton than with anything else which we do not like, but which we see is inevitable. When everybody has to be examined, a great many will have to be examined in subjects for which they really care nothing and of which they really know nothing. They will get up, as a matter of hard necessity, so much as is requisite to get them through and no more, and, as soon as they have got through, they will forget the little that they got up for the purpose. The thing cannot be helped. It is so in the Universities; still more is it so out of the Universities, because in the Universities there will always be a righteous remnant who see something more in their books than instruments for getting a degree, or even for getting a class and a fellowship. Such being the state of things, Mr. Lupton and his like are neither wonderful nor blameworthy, but their existence sets one thinking about the whole matter. The system of Examinations, in the Universities and out of them, may be looked at from several points of view. In almost every case two questions at once present themselves which are altogether distinct ones. One is, Does the Examination give any security for the choice of qualified persons to the position or office dependent on the Examination? The other is, Does the Examination promote or stand in the way of the advance of real knowledge of the subjects chosen for Examination? The answers to these two questions by no means depend upon one another. And again, the latter, the one with which the Universities are most concerned, suggests another question, equally capable of different answers according as it is looked at from different points of view. The system of constant Examinations has its manifest use; it raises the average; it makes many men read who otherwise would not read at all; it gives many men a respectable knowledge of several subjects of which they would otherwise know nothing. Many a man who begins to read because he has to be examined, learns, in the course of his reading, to look to something higher than the Examination. But, on the other hand, the Examination system tends to beget an idea that the Examination is an end and not a means, and that the man who has passed a successful Examination has nothing more to do for himself, but has only to screw up others to the same point. None but people of Mr. Lupton's order would avow such a doctrine openly, but we suspect that not a few first-class men practically act upon it—in many cases, we do not doubt, quite unconsciously. But to the man who really devotes his whole life to learning, Examinations are simple nuisances. The University course is of the highest benefit, but the University Examination is an unmixed grievance. We have known men whose actual academical career was simply creditable, not brilliant, but whose lives have since been altogether devoted to learning. Such men have looked back on their University course with the deepest gratitude, as guiding them to subjects of study, as teaching them habits of study, and (what is by no means the least) as requiring attention to certain subjects which, though distasteful at the time, were found in the end to be highly beneficial. But the Examination

* *English History from the Earliest Period to our Own Times. With an Appendix containing Tables of Battles, Sieges, Treaties, Biography, Colonies, and Contemporary Sovereigns. Expressly designed to assist Students preparing for Examination.* By W. M. Lupton. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

itself was felt as something interfering with genuine work, as something which suggested other motives than the pursuit of learning for its own sake; it was a mere bugbear to be got out of the way before real study could finally begin. Such cases are of course exceptional; most men go through the University course only for the sake of the University Examinations. Where there is no course, where there is simply an Examination to be passed, where the knowledge needed for the Examination may be got anywhere, from Mr. Lupton or any one else, matters are of course far worse; the temptation to think of the Examination as the all in all must be almost irresistible. Yet, even among "candidates for the Civil Service, Army, and other Public Examinations," one may hope that there may be, here and there, some who are capable of better things. If such there are, we would say to them, let them look on the requirement of a certain author or subject for examination as an indication of Providence that it is their duty to get up that author or subject in the best possible manner and from the best possible sources. But let them, as far as possible, forget that they have to be examined in that author or subject. We do not know whether they would get more or fewer marks by studying after such a fashion than if they studied under Mr. Lupton; but we know that they would have the infinite satisfaction of having gained real and sound knowledge by real and honest work.

We have not reviewed Mr. Lupton in detail. While meditating whether he were worth the process or not, chance threw in our way a History of England before unknown to us, of greater pretension than Mr. Lupton's, but so incomparably worse that we view his performance with comparative favour, and we will, for the while at least, let him go unhurt.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE LA CODRE has published, under the title *Les Dessins de Dieu*, a manual of religious and practical philosophy. He begins by asserting, not as an axiom, but as the result of observation, the existence and attributes of God; and in the same manner he deduces the fact of a created universe, not emanating from the Deity, but made by Him. A second question immediately presents itself—is it possible for us to know what the supreme will has decreed for the determination of human destiny? M. de la Codre replies in the affirmative, and declares that the happiness of mankind is the object contemplated. He maintains that the amount of sublunary misfortune has been very much exaggerated; and that if it were as great as some philosophers pretend, misery and suicide would long since have changed this world into a desert. To the objection grounded upon the bad use which man makes of his faculties, he answers that the happiness to which we are invited is not *given*, but must be *earned* by our own exertions. We have, no doubt, a multitude of evils and sufferings of every kind to struggle with, and death, which for the rest of the animal creation is a merely physical fact coming in its due time and inspiring neither terror nor hope, must ever be a painful struggle for reasoning beings; but, on the other hand, immortality is ours, and ours exclusively, and the prospect of eternal happiness in the next world forms more than a compensation for any amount of misery which may be our lot in this. Such are the principal positions which M. de la Codre has taken as the foundation of his volume. The book itself is divided into four parts, the first being a theoretical sketch, whilst the second contains practical deductions, and the third, entitled "Vérification," gives a critique of the systems respectively proposed by the Materialist, the Positivist, and the Pantheistic schools. A concluding section shows that the data which metaphysics supply are confirmed and enforced by religion with an authority of the most unquestionable character.

The bulky collection to which M. Durand (de Gros) has given the title *Essais de Physiologie Philosophique*† is of far higher pretensions than M. de la Codre's work. In the first place, what is the exact meaning of the word "philosophy"? Scientific men are still divided on the question, and a name which ought properly to designate the most complete expression of science in every branch is often given to a special department of study. Each science then has its special philosophy, and, so long as that philosophy is not determined, so long is the science in question obscure, unfruitful, empirical. M. Durand claims on behalf of Bichat the merit of having created the philosophy of physiology, but he blames him for limiting his researches to a single class of facts, and for thus losing sight of the general in an almost exclusive attention to the particular. The *Essais de Physiologie Philosophique* are far too important a work to be adequately noticed in a general survey of current literature, but we would point out, as deserving special attention, M. Durand's remarks on M. Littré, and on the Positivist school. The particular boast of these gentlemen, as everybody knows, is to discard absolutely everything they cannot explain, and to ignore altogether laws which are above their understanding. It is curious, therefore, that the accusation of believing in miracles should, of all others, be the very charge brought by M. Durand against the Positivists. "We have," he says, "to notice the influence of a superstition which has

always been a formidable enemy of the freedom of the human mind and of intellectual progress—a superstition the more pernicious just now because it succeeds in gaining the support of those who are its most eloquent and most determined adversaries. We mean the belief in miracles." M. Littré and his friends are obliged, after all, to acknowledge that there are certain elementary laws which they must admit although they cannot understand them, and which they designate as "irreducible vital proportion." Drive them from one inference to another, and they at last come to facts utterly beyond their comprehension, when they will tell you that such or such a phenomenon manifests itself because the substance from which it is elicited has the "property" of giving rise to it. M. Durand justly ridicules the *naïveté* of such an explanation. Molière, as he aptly remarks, had anticipated Positivism when he stated that "opium facit dormire quia est in eo virtus dormitiva." At the same time, however, we may deduce from this error an argument, not only against Positivism, but against M. Durand himself.

We may mention here the new instalment of the handbook published twice a year by MM. Ménault et Boillot.* The chapters which are likely to draw most attention in this volume, as in M. Figuier's *Année Scientifique*, are those on the cholera and on the unity of the human race. From the twenty pages devoted to the former subject it appears that amongst our French neighbours there is the greatest variety of opinions as to the nature of the disease, its curability, and its propagation. From the lucid *résumé* given of Dr. Hollard's lectures we gather that the "monogenist" theory is maintained in France with much ability and success.

The amusing duodecimo for which we are indebted to Dr. Joulin†, coming after the *Mouvement Scientifique* of Messrs. Ménault and Boillot, is like a farce or a pantomime after a tragedy. The Doctor's aim is to entertain his readers, and to prove that what is called *la gaieté Gauloise* has not yet disappeared from this sublunary world. He views the theory and practice of medicine from the comical standpoint; he collects all the anecdotes which medical students so much delight in, and his descriptions of scientific celebrities are the drollest possible caricatures. We must say that we do not understand the utility of Dr. Joulin's *Causeries*, but readers who enjoy fun will see here how even blisters and chloroform can be made facetious.

The name of Dr. Véron recalls to us anything rather than the reminiscences of the sick-room. Manager of the Opera, founder of the *Revue de Paris*, editor of the *Constitutionnel*, Dr. Véron is the type of what is called the *bourgeois de Paris*.‡ Busy, clever, conceited, he scorns the attacks directed against him by the newspapers, and shrugs his shoulders with contempt at those well-known caricatures which exhibit both himself and his shirt-collars to the amusement of Paris *badouins*. Dr. Véron's *Mémoires* had obtained much success; and now we have the first volume of a second series of autobiographical sketches beginning with the 10th of December, 1848, and ending with the general elections of 1863. In future times anxious inquirers will of course be glad to know when and how Dr. Véron took it into his head to resume the thread of his *souvenirs*. It seems that the thought struck him one morning as he was eating a new-laid egg at breakfast—"en prenant l'œuf frais du matin," as he says in his familiar epistle à mes lecteurs. Dr. Véron disclaims all ideas of personal ambition and of selfishness. No one has ever patronized him or pushed him into celebrity. He owes his position entirely to himself. It is true that long before everybody else he discovered the merits of Prince Louis Napoleon, and saw in him the genius whose destiny it was to rule over France. This first volume of the *Nouveaux Mémoires* is very interesting, but of course we cannot expect to find here the whole truth respecting either the *coup d'état* or the persons who were engaged in it.

M. Ernest Daudet has been hitherto known merely as a writer of novels; he now leaves the domains of imagination and plunges into the whirlpool of contemporary politics. His monograph on Cardinal Consalvi § is the first of a series designed to include MM. Royer-Collard, Guizot, Billault, De Morny, &c. &c. Cardinal Consalvi's own memoirs were published some time ago, but it would of course be impossible to take them exclusively as a guide in writing an account of the Cardinal's life. In the first place, they consist of five distinct and unconnected narratives, referring to certain episodes of importance, but leaving entirely untouched all intermediate events. Further, Consalvi estimated from his own point of view the circumstances amidst which he was placed, and his strictures on persons and things require occasionally to be corrected with the help of other evidence. Finally, the editor of the memoirs in question, M. Crétineau-Joly, allowed himself to be so completely led astray by his Ultramontanist prejudices that the utmost caution is indispensable when we apply to him for information. M. Daudet has availed himself, not only of published documents, but also of manuscript State Papers preserved in the Imperial Archives and the Imperial Library. By way of practical conclusion, he wishes to see the Pope renounce all temporal power, and give his countenance to the principles of the Revolution by assisting in propagating them himself.

* *Le Mouvement Scientifique pendant l'Année 1865*. Par E. Ménault et A. Boillot. 2^e semestre. Paris: Didier.

† *Les Causeries du Docteur*. Par le Docteur Joulin. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Nouveaux Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*. Par le Docteur Véron. Paris: Lacroix.

§ *Diplomates et Hommes d'État contemporains*.—Le Cardinal Consalvi. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Lévy.

* *Les Dessins de Dieu, Essai de Philosophie, Religieuse et Pratique*. Par J. M. de la Codre. Paris: Didier.

† *Essais de Physiologie Philosophique*. Par M. T. P. Durand (de Gros). Paris: Germer-Baillière.

M. Georges Bell's *Souvenirs d'Afrique** are a fiction under which the author has clothed his observations on Algeria. The preface or introduction to *Ethel* deserves perusal, because it contains one or two sensible remarks, with a very notable admixture of paradoxes. Amongst the former we may notice M. Bell's depreciation of *esprit de système*. Utopians with a mania for *à priori* speculation abound everywhere, he says, and especially in newly discovered or newly conquered territories, where they think they will have full scope to display their experimental ingenuity. They have a system ready-made, complete in all its particulars, harmonious, logical, providing for every emergency. Unfortunately, it has been planned without the slightest reference to climate, religion, national peculiarities, or other circumstances, and therefore in nine cases out of ten it proves an absolute failure. M. Bell goes on to observe that the twofold problem, *conquest and assimilation*, which the French had to solve on the African shore of the Mediterranean, is still far from being settled. The Kabylarian war, and the still more recent attempts made by the Arabs, abundantly prove that the French occupation of Africa is still insecure; whilst, notwithstanding the progress realized during the last fifteen years, the work of assimilation has hardly gone beyond the first and most indispensable results. Nevertheless, comparing the situation of the French in Algeria with our own in India, M. Bell holds that his fellow-countrymen have done more amongst the Arabs since 1830 than the English on the banks of the Ganges since the battle of Plassey. Finally, he protests loudly against the current notion that the French are destitute of colonizing genius, giving as a proof the very facts which are best calculated to invalidate his own argument. As a sequel to *Ethel*, M. Bell has added a description of the attempt made some years ago by Count du Bisson to establish a French colony on the southern frontier of Abyssinia.

Amongst the works published respecting the twenty-five years which preceded the French Revolution, there is not one which can be named surpassing in interest the *Mémoires Secrets* of Bachaumont.† Louis Petit de Bachaumont, who died at Paris in 1771, was a man of much taste and of great activity. Together with a few friends he conceived the plan of collecting all the anecdotes and gossip of the day, and thus preserving from destruction a number of facts and of sayings which, although trifling in themselves, illustrate the state of public feeling at the time when they occurred. This journal, beginning with the year 1762, and ending with 1769, was purchased after Bachaumont's death, and continued uninterrupted till December, 1787, by various persons, the best known of whom were D'Angerville and Pidansat de Mairobert, private secretary to the Duke de Chartres. It was only in 1777 that the *Mémoires Secrets* were published in London. The first nineteen volumes appeared then, and the remainder of the collection (seventeen vols.) was issued between that time and the year 1788. As we have said, the *Mémoires Secrets* are an invaluable source of information on the reign of Louis XVI., but though frequently quoted by historians, they are comparatively little read. Many reasons prevent their being reprinted at the present time. In the first place, no one would sit down to a course of thirty-six volumes, however interesting; and, in the next, the freedom of the language could not be tolerated. We think, then, that M. Ludovic Lalanne has done well in collecting from Bachaumont's lengthy gossip the anecdotes best calculated to give a view of French society on the eve of the Revolution. The present duodecimo is a *résumé* of the first nineteen volumes. An abstract of the remaining seventeen will shortly appear. A few notes and an excellent chronological summary have been added.

The *Souvenirs du Président Bouthier*‡ are another specimen of entertaining gossip. Jean Bouthier, President of the Dijon Parliament, was one of the most distinguished *savants* of the last century. Lawyer, antiquarian, critic, and journalist, he shone in all these various capacities, and he used to relieve the dullness of his graver studies by the composition of fugitive poems. Voltaire was one of his most intimate friends. According to a custom very prevalent a hundred years ago, Bouthier kept a journal or memorandum-book, in which he wrote extracts from the new works of the day, with his own remarks on authors he had been reading, and also a few anecdotes of a lively character. This journal, now preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris, is in fact a kind of *ana* which, judiciously curtailed and revised, has been offered by M. Lorédan Larchey to the French public of the nineteenth century. Some of the facts related by the worthy President are rather curious, and we notice one entry in particular which contradicts in the most positive manner the popular account of the death of the poet Santeuil. Saint Simon relates that one evening at supper the Duke d'Enghien amused himself by emptying a snuff-box into Santeuil's glass, and that the unfortunate poet died two days afterwards, *dans les douleurs des damnés*. Now, if this anecdote were true, it would reflect in the most terrible manner upon the wanton cruelty of the prince. But Bouthier says expressly that he himself had supped with Santeuil, not at the Duke d'Enghien's, but at the house of La Monnoye; and although he describes Santeuil as already suffering

from the malady which carried him off, he makes no allusion whatever to the alleged cause of the poet's death. M. Lorédan Larchey's little volume, like that of M. Ludovic Lalanne, is very elegantly got up.

An ingenious parallel between Dante and Goethe has supplied Daniel Stern with materials enough for a thick octavo.* Now four hundred and twenty-five pages of criticism would be rather heavy reading, and it therefore occurred to the fair authoress (for Daniel Stern is only the *nom de plume* of the Countess d'Agout) to clothe her work in a dramatic form, and enliven it by a kind of *mise en scène* after the manner of Plato. The scene is laid in Brittany, and the discussion is carried on between five *dramatis personæ*—the principal of whom, Diotime, represents, we suppose, Daniel Stern himself. Why should two productions so well known as *Faust* and the *Commedia* be for the hundredth time commented on and analysed? Because, popular as Dante and Goethe are in their native countries, French readers are only imperfectly acquainted with them. The *Inferno* and the first part of *Faust* constitute all that is generally known in France of two of the most wonderful masterpieces of human genius. The first dialogue is almost entirely taken up by a biographical sketch of Dante; for, as Madame d'Agout remarks, the best way to understand an author's works is to know something about himself, his contemporaries, and his habits of life. The second dialogue deals with the poem. We then pass on to Goethe, and the comparison between the two writers leads Diotime to make a kind of religious profession which, we fear, will eventually place the dialogues on the Papal index *expurgatorius*.

Dr. Bodichon's work† is sufficiently comprehensive. The subject is nothing else than the history of the whole human race from the Creation. Geology, zoology, biology, the transformation of species, political economy, statistics—in fact, all possible questions referring to the past, present, and future destiny of man—are here discussed. We are informed at the outset that our solar system has been constructed from the wrecks of an extinguished sun; we are, cosmically speaking, the result of an immense amount of liquid matter, which, solidified according to various proportions, has supplied the elements of the planets, satellites, comets, &c. This process of solidification is for ever going on throughout the planetary system. A time must therefore come when the atmosphere, the sea, and gases of all kinds will disappear, and then, probably through the agency of some comet, the present state of things will be ended. Dr. Bodichon believes in the transformation of species; and he goes on to describe at considerable length the characteristic qualities of each race of men, stating the law of anthropological progress to be the realization of the greatest possible amount of unity. If we now come to consider the end of man's existence here below, we must, according to our author, define it to be progress. Christianity and all the many shades of anthropomorphism are, he says, essentially wrong, because, if strictly carried out, they would transform mankind into a society of ascetics. On the other hand, the people who take selfishness as the ruling principle in life are also mistaken, though Dr. Bodichon thinks that, if there were no *mezzo termine*, he would prefer a community of atheists to one of *illuminati*. His principle, finally, may be thus stated:—the races and the nations which have had most power, and which have lasted the longest, are those which have improved the soil and carried out the law of universal brotherhood. After these preliminary considerations, we are invited to study a kind of penal code, which is remarkable, we must say, for its severity. Dr. Bodichon thinks that crime and vice are hereditary, and that there are certain families which, by a woful fatality, are predisposed to wickedness. The people, he maintains, who now occupy the union workhouses in England are the descendants of those who three centuries ago lived, in like manner, on public charity. Lists of these families should be printed and posted up periodically, as a caution to the rest of the community; and a war of extermination should be waged against all malefactors. "Philanthropy," says our modern Draco, "is the destruction, and not the transformation, of evil." Let us add that the Anglo-American race has the honour of being commissioned to sweep away evil from the face of the earth. The Governments of the present day do not find favour with Dr. Bodichon, because he considers them as adapted exclusively to the interests of those who rule, with little regard to the progress and social perfection of mankind. Accordingly he approves of revolutions, and he even devotes a chapter to a statement of the means by which the revolutionary spirit should be fostered; but on the other hand, he cares very little about the origin of government, provided the ruler faithfully exerts himself on behalf of progress. The second volume treats of religion, æsthetics, and ethics. After what we have already stated, we need scarcely say that Dr. Bodichon is a *libre-penseur* in the fullest extent of the word.

We may notice, in conclusion, the first *livraison* of a useful bibliographical dictionary of French works‡, and an account of the mineral waters of Schinznach in Switzerland.§ This last brochure will be particularly valuable to tourists at this season of the year.

* *Ethel, Souvenirs d'Afrique*. Par Georges Bell. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Marie-Antoinette, Louis XVI., et la Famille Royale, Journal Anecdote des Mémoires Secrets*. Paris: Henry.

‡ *Souvenirs de Jean Bouthier, Président au Parlement de Paris*. Paris: Henry.

* *Dante et Goethe, Dialogues*. Par Daniel Stern. Paris: Didier.

† *De l'Humanité*. Par le Dr. Bodichon. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *Catalogue Général de la Librairie Française pendant 25 ans (1840-1865)*. Paris: Otho Lorenz.

§ *Notice sur les Eaux Thermales Sulfureuses de Schinznach*. Par le Dr. Aimé Robert. Strasbourg.